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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

NUMISMATICS.

A Descriptive Catalogue of rare and unedited Roman Coins, from the earliest period of the Roman Coinage to the extinction of the Empire under Constantine Palæologus. With numerous Plates from the Originals. By J. Y. Akerman, F.S.A. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1834. Wilson.

Lectures on the Coinage of the Greeks and Romans, delivered at the University of Oxford. By E. Cardwell, D.D. 8vo. pp. 238. London, 1832. Murray.

Lecture on the Study of Ancient Coins, in connection with History, delivered at the Royal Institution, February 1829. By B. R. Green. With plates, pp. 39.

Is the last-named of these publications the author truly observes, that in our age, "the study of coins has not kept pace with other branches of education;" and indeed, so far has it fallen short of them, that we are hardly in possession of even adequate elementary works in this most useful elucidation of the truths, and corrective of the errors, of ancient history and chronology. Addison's Essay on Medals is a mere adjunct to the Roman poets. Pinkerton's Essay on the same species of coinage, is, on the whole, complicated, defective, and inaccurate; and accuracy, both in descriptions and plates, is the very marrow, essence, and *sine qua non* of the science.

But even supposing any sufficient publication to have existed thirty or forty years ago, so much new light has since been thrown upon the subject, and so many curious specimens been added to valuable collections, that such a performance would, in a considerable degree, be obsolete at the present time. Mionnet's is an able work; and we may also compliment Rasche's Lexicon, and Eckhel's *Doctrina Numorum Veterum*, and Sestini's ponderous *Lettere e Dissertazioni Numismatiche*; while in England, as Mr. Akerman remarks, we have really no general or systematic catalogue applicable to a single great division of the inquiry. The writer has himself very ably supplied this desideratum, in so far as the extent of his plan, which "does not comprise an account of every Roman coin at present known, but only of such as from their rarity or their interest are more eagerly sought for by collectors than common types, which may be procured at all times, and without great expense, from dealers in coins and medals."

There is an introduction, which is, we think, more meagre than it ought to have been, as the vestibule of such a building. Eight pages

* We quote from the preface also the following particulars stated by Mr. Akerman:—"It is believed that the brief biographical and chronological notices of each reign will be found more correct than any that have appeared in English works; more especially those of the usurpers, whose short but violent struggles for the purple—that fatal badge, which, like the fatal shirt of the Centaur, brought inevitable destruction on the wearer—form not the least interesting portion of the Roman history. The illustrations comprise many unique and unpublished types. The drawings have, in every instance, been made from the actual coins, and are

and a half are sadly insufficient to afford even a tolerable glance at the general subject of the coins and coinage of the Romans; or the other topic embraced—the exposure of Roman forgers. We could have wished that Mr. Akerman had gone more distinctly into these matters, upon which an explanatory essay, of sixty or eighty pages, might have been most appropriately bestowed. In other respects, we highly approve of what he has done, and warmly recommend his volumes to the public. By way of testing the care and diligence with which he has performed his laborious duty, we have examined many of the points which occurred to our memory, as offering each a fair *experimentum crucis*; and the result has been, our almost entire satisfaction in every case. In the very few instances where we think Mr. Akerman wrong, we are bound to notice that they are those upon which much discussion and difference of opinion have existed. For example, at p. 97, volume i., and indeed throughout his work, the author seems to consider the bust, or female figure, wherever *Roma* is inscribed, to be certainly the goddess of Rome, in the same sense as Britannia is a representative of the genius of Britain. But this is more than doubtful; for we have coins and medals with Apollo, Hercules, and Saturn, and yet the same inscription, *Roma*, which cannot, therefore, always be held to be the name of the figure it accompanies.

Again, in the very interesting Brass engraved in plate v. No. 7. and ascribed to Vespasian, we are of opinion that Mr. Akerman is in error; and as it is a point of much historical curiosity, we shall say a few words upon it. The coin is thus mentioned:—"IVDAEA. CAPTA. The emperor standing; in his right hand a spear, his right foot on a helmet; a woman seated at the foot of a palm-tree. This type, the most interesting, perhaps, in the whole series of Roman coins, requires no comment. See the coins of Titus, with the same records of the conquest of Judea."

These coins are thus described: "IVDAEA. CAPTA. Titus standing by the side of a palm-tree, at the foot of which a female is kneeling. IVDAEA. (or IVD.) CAP. (or CAPTA.) A captive standing, and a female sitting at the foot of a palm-tree."

It so happened, that our attention was attracted to a coin of this kind, some years ago, with the same tree, figures, and inscription,* of which the *York Herald* published an account, as having been found by some workmen in that city. As in Mr. Akerman, it was described to be a Brass of Vespasian, and struck to commemorate the conquest of Judea, A.D. 70.

confidently presented as perfect fac-similes. They have been executed by Mr. H. A. Ogg, a young artist, who though a landscape-engraver, has shewn himself not unequal to the task. * I may say with an ancient author, that this work was commenced *non otia abundantia, sed amoris erga scientiam*: of its execution I dare not urge more, than that I have endeavoured to avail myself of the experience of practised numismatists, and to combine with it the information of former writers on this important branch of archaeology."

* *Lit. Gaz.* for December 1827.

The obverse had the emperor's head laureated, and around it "*Vespasianus. Rom. Im. Aug.*"* But a letter from a very intelligent correspondent (Mr. Ben. Cook, of Birmingham) corrected this mistake; and, as we think it decisive on an interesting numismatic and historical event, as well as instructive on the general subject, we shall, even at this distance of time, avail ourselves of its information.

"I am inclined (says Mr. Cook) to think that the writer in the *York Herald* has mistaken this coin for one of Vespasian, when, in reality, it is that of his son Titus. Vespasian was born about the year 7-(9?) of the Christian era, and not made edile until 31 years of age, which office he disgraced by his base flattery of the tyrant Caligula. Vespasian was a mean-spirited wretch, or he would not have married for interest Domitilla, a kept-mistress of a Roman knight. In the reign of Claudius he gained some celebrity in Germany and Great Britain, for which he obtained the consulate. Nero appointed him proconsul in Africa, which office he disgraced by his impositions. He was 59 years of age when he was appointed imperial lieutenant in the Jewish war. But with all his faults he was a good soldier, and great military commander. He had only allowed him, for the invasion of Judea, eight legions, a body of cavalry, and ten auxiliary cohorts; and his son Titus served under him as lieutenant. His progress was irresistible. He first took Joppa, and reduced under the Roman power almost all Galilee. He then retired to Caesarea. The Jews, influenced as it were by the spirit of destruction, allowed the Romans to rest quietly while they destroyed each other. While he was preparing for the siege of Jerusalem, the death of Nero took place, A.D. 68, and opened to him prospects of higher ambition. Galba was proclaimed emperor, and Titus was deputed by his father to congratulate him on his accession to the imperial throne, but on his journey he heard that Galba was murdered. A deadly contest now followed for the empire, between Otho and Vitellius; but Otho's death left Vitellius in possession of the throne. The reputation of Vespasian had extended itself through the East, while Vitellius was hated and despised. The legions of Judea, Syria, and Egypt, proclaimed him emperor; and, very soon after, Italy submitted to him. He was at Alexandria when this event took place; but he soon hastened to Rome; and in the year 70 he was acknowledged and proclaimed Emperor of the World. It was in this year that Vespasian declared Titus his colleague in the imperial consulate; and in this year Jerusalem was taken, after a siege full of calamity and horror. The temple was destroyed, although Titus had given most anxious orders to have it reserved. In this year medals were struck, chiefly of the size of what are called third Brasses, both of Vespasian and Titus. The medals of Vespasian I will describe, in order that the *York Herald* may judge, by examining, whether I am correct in my opinion—that it is one of the medals of Titus they have described, and not one of Vespasian. I remark that on the medals of Vespasian, which were struck A.D. 70, the head of the emperor is looking to the right hand, bound with a simple fillet, or ribbon, and around it—*Imp. Cæs. Vespasian. Aug. P.M.T.R. P.P.P. Cos. VI.*: on the reverse is a palm-tree, on which is hung a shield. A figure of a winged Victory is in the attitude of inscribing upon the shield some memorable event. A Jewish captive is seated at the foot of the tree, bound; and around is the legend—*Gloria Augusti S.C.*—which shews these coins were struck by order of the senate, and which I should think were meant to commemorate not only the glory of the Roman arms in Judea, but also to record the elevation of Vespasian to the throne. And why I think that the *York Herald* is not one of Vespasian's, is, that Vespasian had no reason to claim any part of the glory obtained by Titus—nor did I ever see any medal or coin of Vespasian's which claims the glory of the conquest of Judea. In this year he had obtained the throne of the Caesars; and why should he claim any, or wish to divide with his son the hard-bought conquest of Judea? Instead of taking away any part of it, he associated Titus with him in the imperial consulate. In this same year were struck the medals or coins of Titus, one of which is apparently that mentioned by the *York Herald*. It is a medal in copper, mixed with a little brass. On the obverse, the head of Titus looks towards the left hand, and bound in the same way as that of Vespasian; around it is—*Imp. T. Cæs. Vesp. Aug. P.M.T.R. P.P.P. Cos. VI.* On the reverse is a palm-tree;

* We are sorry that Mr. Akerman does not engrave, or give us the obverse of his coin.—Ed.

and at the foot is a Jewish captive, seated and bound. The figure appears a female, and is supporting her head on her hand. The tree divides her from a figure standing, and behind him are military trophies lying on the ground. Legend—*Judea Capta, S.C.*—not *Judea*. I have stated that this medal was struck in the same year as that of Vespasian, and both by order of the senate. In the same year that Jerusalem was taken, Titus repaired to Alexandria, and took part in the idolatrous consecration of the ox Apis; gave audience to the ambassadors of the King of Parthia; after which he hastened to Rome, and was honoured with a splendid triumph, and admitted by his father, Vespasian, to a participation of the empire, which they continued to exercise together, in the most amicable manner. It was after his return to Rome that these medals were struck, and with the inscription—*Imperator Titus Vespasianus, &c. &c.*, he then being a colleague with his father in the empire. I have been thus particular in describing the difference of these coins, as few have studied coins sufficiently to mark their distinctions; and perhaps the person who notices the coin in the *York Herald*, has overlooked the T, and therefore concludes it a medal of Vespasian's, when in fact it is one of his son Titus."

Mr. Akerman has, we suspect, fallen into the same error in this instance; and, perhaps, he has not pointed out so specifically as he might have done, the importance of the gold and silver coin of Augustus inserted page 126.

"AVGVSTVS. TR. POT. VIII. Head of Augustus. *Rev.* L. VINICIVS. L. F. ILLVIR. A cippus, inscribed S. P. Q. R. IMP. CAES. QVOD. V. M. S. EX. EA. P. Q. IS. AD. A. DE."

The *Imp.* in this coin is, we believe, most memorable as the proof of what Mr. Akerman himself alludes to in his note (p. 109) upon a silver coin of Cn. Pompey, son of Pompey the Great, thereon styled "Imp.;" on which Mr. A. justly observes:

"This title, given by Sylla to Pompeius Magnus, descended by hereditary right to his son. It is simply a military title, and was never used as a prenominal before the reign of Augustus, who first assumed it as a mark of supreme power. [In the above coin, we think—*Ed.*] The word *imperator* is found on early consular coins; but then it follows the names, and is never placed before them."

Upon the letters S. C., such as appear on many Roman coins, we find Dr. Cardwell's observations so pertinent, that we take leave to quote them.

"It has been the prevailing opinion of antiquaries, that when Augustus became emperor, he reserved for himself and his successors the right of coining gold and silver, and left the brass money under the direction of the senate. That such an arrangement was actually adopted, seems to be implied in the following inscription found at Rome: '*Officinatores monetæ aurariæ argentariæ Caesaris*,' from which we may infer, that the two more precious metals, and those two only, were minted by the emperor. The same inference may also be derived from a passage of Dio, which states that the senate, from the hatred they bore to the memory of Caligula, ordered all the brass money stamped with his image to be recoined; for we can have no doubt that they would have included gold and silver money in their edict, if they had possessed any authority over it. I have already mentioned from Tacitus, that Vespasian minted gold and silver before he was acknowledged at Rome as emperor; and we can easily discover his reason for abstaining from minting brass money, if the right of doing so belonged exclusively to the senate. Strong, however, as this testimony appears to be, it has been maintained by several writers, and more especially by Morcelli, an authority of the highest order in the science of antiquities, that the senate alone possessed the right of minting money in all the several metals. Let us see, then, what assistance can be obtained from the evidence of coins. Now it is the most remarkable fact connected

with the coins of Rome, from the days of Augustus to those of Gallienus, that the brasses, with few exceptions, bear the letters S.C. upon them; the gold and silver, with as few exceptions, and those few readily explained, are without them. It is moreover the universal opinion, that the two letters denote the words *senatus consulto*; and though several other methods have been tried of explaining those words in their reference to the Roman mint, no one appears to be so satisfactory as the distinction which assigns all brass coins to the edict of the senate, and leaves the gold and silver to the prerogative of the emperor. It is also a remarkable fact, and one which would imply the existence of divided rights in the Roman coinage, that we sometimes meet with gold and silver coins of an emperor in considerable numbers, when the brasses of the same emperor are extremely rare. Taking, for instance, the short and turbulent reign of Otho, it is natural to suppose that the three metals would be issued in their usual proportion; or if there were any difference, that the more precious metals would be in smaller quantities. The fact, however, is, that we have many gold and silver coins of this reign; but not a single genuine brass of it, issued from the Roman mint, has hitherto been found. But I will mention another fact of minute coincidence, and more remarkable than the last. Albinus, we know, was acknowledged and proclaimed as Cæsar by the Emperor Severus, but was afterwards, on proclaiming himself Augustus, defeated by him and put to death. Now we meet with gold, silver, and brass coins indiscriminately of Albinus described as Cæsar, and we might also expect all these coins to be minted with such a title on them, as it was acknowledged equally in his own province and by the authorities at Rome: again, we frequently meet with gold and silver coins of the same Albinus described as Augustus, but in no instance with a coin of brass giving that title to him; and this, too, might be expected, if we merely suppose that he exercised the privilege belonging to the office he had usurped, and cautiously left to the senate, for the purpose of conciliating them, a privilege which was exclusively their own. And these facts will, I think, be sufficient to shew the value of numismatic testimony in a point of disputed history."

Respecting the *falsarii*, or forgers, the same author is very instructive.

"The first method was to retouch an ancient coin by the aid of the graver. This was done, not merely to give a greater degree of precision or prominence to the actual lines and letters of an ancient coin, but to obtain for it a value to which it had no claim whatever, by changing the inscription altogether, and transferring it from a name, the medals of which were abundant, to one of which they were hitherto unknown, or at least uncommon. It has been found to be most easily practised upon the brasses of the Roman emperors, particularly those which were minted in the eastern provinces; and cases accordingly have occurred in which a Claudius has been found converted into an Otho, a Domna into a Didia Clara, and a Macrinus into a Pescennius. To make, for instance, a coin of Pertinax: choose out a well-conditioned Marcus Aurelius, particularly one where the reverse bears a *consecratio*, a ceremony which both those emperors had the fortune to undergo; then apply your graver to the obverse, make the beard and nose of Aurelius a little more decided, alter his inscription according to your wants, conceal the traces of your graver by a false verdigris or varnish,—

the transformation is complete, and a worthless Aurelius becomes an invaluable Pertinax. There are, however, difficulties belonging to this kind of fraud, which the artist cannot reasonably expect to overcome. Supposing that the actual lines and figures of the coin have been such as to allow of the intended change, without exposing the contrivance of it on the first examination; still the contrast between the native characters of the coin, and the lines of the trim and stiff imposture, is much too great to escape detection. This method, therefore, which was at one time the favourite practice of the Italians, appears now to have fallen into disuse. It requires, however, a touch of extreme precision, and an eye of exquisite discernment, to judge rightly in all cases of this kind, and more particularly to distinguish between the genuine rust of antiquity and the modern varnish. Another method of augmenting the value of an ancient coin is, to retain one of its impressions in its original state, but to submit the other face to a new die, and so to obtain for the coin the appearance of being at once genuine and unique. Thus a Julius Cæsar has had its reverse impressed with the well-known tidings, *Veni, vidi, vici*; and a Hadrian, in like manner, with the help of a modern die, has borne the legend, *Expediit Judaica*: but here again there is a striking contrast between the two sides of the coin, in all those nice distinctions by means of which a practised eye can identify the characters of any given time or country. In order, therefore, to increase still further the difficulty of distinguishing between a genuine and a spurious coin, the contrivance has been adopted of cutting two genuine coins asunder, and interchanging their reverses. It is plain, that in this instance, by effecting a new combination of titles and devices, the value of the coin would be greatly enhanced in the estimation of the collector, and all his common criteria connected with the metal and the workmanship might be dexterously eluded. And lest it should not be possible to join the two portions together in such a manner as to evade the vigilance of his eye, whilst it was cautiously exploring the edge of the coin, the stratagem has been tried of setting the one portion within the other, and so presenting the line of junction, not at the edge, but upon the surface. Coins of undoubted antiquity are frequently found with such a circle or rim upon them, and this fact increases in a great degree the difficulty of detecting the kind of fabrication we are now considering. It is only the keen and practised eye of an adept, searching the suspected outline with a finely-pointed instrument, comparing the two surfaces with each other, and aided by an extensive acquaintance with ancient literature, that can be sufficient to detect a fraud presenting so many of the tokens of truth. The two surfaces may seem to be precisely of the same ancient metal; they may have been united together in such a manner as to appear to be inseparable; and if the artist have been prudent in his choice, some new fact may be alleged, which cannot easily be refuted, because all history is silent respecting it. The spurious coin may be considered as a genuine relic of antiquity, some learned dissertation may be written, with much collateral evidence, on the important fact disclosed by it, and some time may finally elapse before the imposture is exposed. Other artists, however, more adventurous, and possessing a more intimate acquaintance with the practices and the literature of the ancients, have ventured to make new dies and to issue new coins for the admiration of the curious. The methods pre-

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viously mentioned were practised generally on brasses, as affording a greater variety for such changes, and admitting of the disguise of varnish to imitate the rust of antiquity; but the method now considered has been adopted in the case of gold and silver, where the number was comparatively small, and a false varnish could not be employed. And in order to elude discovery, the artist in many instances exercised the greatest discernment in the coins that he took, whether as models or only as guides, for the formation of his own die, in the preparation of the metal, in the management of the hammer, and in bringing about the accidents, such as clefts or other imperfections, which frequently occurred in ancient times during the process of minting."

According to Pliny, the Roman Pecunia (from the type *Pecus* stamped upon it) was first issued in brass in the time of Servius; but as no specimen exists, we are content to begin with Mr. Akerman, whose No. 1., first plate of the *Asses*, is the rare piece with the head of Janus, and the reverse the prow of a vessel. This was one of the earliest and most prevalent devices of the Roman coinage; to which we find the strongest testimony borne by a constant pastime of the Romans, which was no bad indication of a primitive custom, and continued to exist long after the custom itself was abandoned. "Ita fuisse signatum," says Macrobius, in speaking of the devices we have mentioned, "hodieque intelligitur in alie lusa, quum pueri denarios in sublime jactantes *Capita aut navia?* exclamant." Our "heads or tails?" was thus only "heads or ships?" among the pitch-and-toss gentry of ancient Rome.

The silver coinage is dated 269 years before Christ, five years before the commencement of the first Punic war. But we have gone as far as our limits admit; and we shall only again recommend Mr. Akerman's volumes as excellent guides to the knowledge of such coins as are every year up-turned in our fields, or discovered in the ruins of some ancient ways or buildings—as offering an interesting series by which to judge of the arts—as illustrating religious ceremonies and worship—as exhibiting a multitude of portraits of famous persons—and as valuable adjuncts to the study and understanding of Roman literature and language.

The Conspiracy; a Venetian Romance. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1834. Bentley.

TAKE some portion of an ancient chronicle, the more deaths and dungeons the better—moonlight it thoroughly—take a handsome young man, a still handsomer young woman; connect them by all sorts of difficulties; throw in due proportions of crime and constancy; wire-draw the materials to the utmost—and marry or bury at the end as you please. The above is an excellent receipt for a melo-drama in three acts, or a romance in three volumes. The one before us is constructed on old and approved principles; its only fault, or rather misfortune, is, that these said principles, like many others in the present day, are getting somewhat worn and out of date. *The Conspiracy* is a *risfimento* of the well-known plot which formed the basis of Otway's well-known tragedy. All we have to say is, that the story is told, with perhaps as much romance, but with infinitely more interest and animation, in the Abbé St. Real's history. The narrative opens well—the lonely tower, the mysterious lady doomed to pass her youth in its desolate and sea-bent chambers, is a picturesque beginning; but there our commenda-

tion must conclude. The story is tedious and interrupted, broken in upon by too many introduced characters, all of whom relate their own histories; and we must observe, that the discovery of the real murderer by the murdered man's dog flying at him, is really too antiquated for use. The events are at once improbable, and yet of ordinary occurrence; and the principal villain of that unredeemed badness which has long since been given over to the Surrey Theatre, and the former horrors of the *Minerva Press*. Our author has, to our taste, one graver offence than merely writing an uninteresting novel. Romance has its haunted spots, which we do not like to have trodden with unhallowed feet. Partly from early association, partly from the inimitable actors, who have given breathing life to the poet's creations, "*Venice Preserved*" has an unusually strong hold on the mind. We remember the fiery energy of Kean, the eloquent silence of Macready when he raises his chained hands as his only answer. We own we do not like to see Jaffier and Pierre common-placed, as they are in these pages,—their introduction is a sort of literary sacrilege. We must conclude by observing, that *The Conspiracy* is as unsuccessful in fiction as it was in reality.

Bubbles from the Brunnens of Nassau. By an Old Man. 12mo. pp. 375. London, 1834. Murray.

WE say *ditto* to the *Quarterly Review* of this pleasant volume; itself resembling an agreeable Watering Place. If the display of picturesque scenery, the cheerful gossip and anecdote of idleness, neat sketches of manners, and lively and acute remarks on all surrounding objects presented to the view, be conducive to mental relaxation and bodily health, we do not see why the literary perusal of these *Bubbles from the Brunnens* may not, to a certain extent, confer similar benefits to their actual aqueous swallowing on the spots where they well up from their heated springs. At all events, we are persuaded that these effusions of the "Old Man," written "because he had nothing else in the whole world to do," will be acceptable to a much larger circle than to "that vast and highly respectable class of people who read from humility the self-same motive," to whom in his humbleness he has offered them.

From the various contents of this various tome we shall briefly extract such specimens as may shew the reader what sort of entertainment he has to expect from its page. At Wiesbaden:—

"A couple of Germans having quarrelled about some beautiful lady, met with sabres in their hands to fight a duel. The ugly one, who was of course the most violent of the two, after many attempts to deprive his hated adversary of his life, at last aimed a desperate blow at his head, which, though it missed its object, yet fell upon, and actually cut off, the good-looking man's nose. It had scarcely reached the ground, when its owner, feeling that his beauty was gone, instantly threw away his sword, and with both arms extended, eagerly bent forwards with the intention to pick up his own property and replace it; but the ugly German no sooner observed the intention, than darting forwards with the malice of the devil himself, he jumped upon the nose, and before its master's face crushed it and ground it to atoms!"

We proceed to a description of the place, rather than of its nosology.

"In strolling very slowly about the town

after dinner, the first object which aroused my curiosity was a steam I observed rising through the iron gratings, which, at the corners of the streets, covered the main drains or common sewers of the town. At first I thought it proceeded from washerwomen, pig-scalders, or some such artificial cause; but I no sooner reached the great koch-brunnen (boiling-spring), than I learnt it was the natural temperature of the Wiesbaden waters that had thus attracted my attention. As I stood before this immense cauldron, with eyes staring at the volume of steam which was arising from it, and with ears listening to a person who was voluntarily explaining to me that there were fifteen other springs in the town, their temperature being, at all times of the year, about 140° of Fahrenheit, I could not help feeling a sort of unpleasant sensation, similar to what I had experienced on the edges of Etna and Vesuvius; in short, I had been so little accustomed to live in a town heated by subterranean fire, that it just crossed my mind whether, in case the engineer below, from laziness, should put on too many coals at once, or from carelessness should neglect to keep open his proper valves, an explosion might not take place, which would suddenly send me, Koch-brunnen, Wiesbaden, and Co., on a shooting excursion to the duke's lofty hunting-seat, the Platte. The ground in the vicinity of these springs is so warm, that in winter the snow does not remain upon it; and formerly, when these waters used to flow from the town into a small lake, from not freezing, it became in hard weather the resort of birds of all descriptions; indeed, even now, they say that that part of the Rhine into which the Wiesbaden waters eventually flow, is observed to be always remarkably free from ice. Wiesbaden, inhabited by people called *Mattiaci*, was not only known to the Romans, but fortified by the twenty-second legion, who also built baths, the remains of which exist to the present day. Even in such remote ages, it was remarked that these waters retained their heat longer than common water, or salt water of the same specific gravity heated to the same degree; indeed, Pliny remarked—'*Sunt et Mattiaci in Germania fontes calidi, quorum haustus tri-duo fervet.*' The town of Wiesbaden is evidently one which does not appreciate the luxury of 'home, sweet home!' for it is built not for itself, but for strangers; and though more people admire the size of the buildings, yet, to my mind, there is something very melancholy in seeing houses so much too fine for the style of inhabitants to whom they belong. A city of lodging-houses, like an army of mercenaries, may to each individual be a profitable speculation; but no brilliant uniform, or external show, can secretly compensate for the want of national self-pride, which shines in the heart of a soldier, standing under his country's colours, or in the mind of a man living consistently in his own little home. About twenty years ago, the inhabitants of Wiesbaden were pent up in narrow, dirty streets, surrounded by swampy ditches and an old Roman wall. A complete new town has since been erected, and accommodation has thus been afforded for upwards of 1200 strangers; the population of the place, men, women, and children included, scarcely amounting to 8000 souls. During the gay season, of course all is bustle and delight; but I can conceive nothing less cheerful than such a place must become, when all its motley visitors having flown away, winter begins to look it in the face. However, certainly, the inhabitants of Wiesbaden do not seem to view

the subject at all in this point of view; for they all talk with great pride of their fine new town, and strut about their large houses like children wearing men's shoes, ten times too big for their feet.

"In describing the taste of the mineral water of Wiesbaden, were I to say, that while drinking it, one hears in one's ears the cackling of hens, and that one sees feathers flying before one's eyes, I should certainly grossly exaggerate; but when I declare that it exactly resembles very hot chicken broth, I only say what Dr. Granville said, and what in fact every body says, and must say, respecting it; and certainly I do wonder why the common people should be at the inconvenience of making bad soup, when they can get much better from Nature's great stock-pot—the Koch-brunnen of Wiesbaden. At all periods of the year, summer or winter, the temperature of this broth remains the same, and when one reflects, that it has been bubbling out of the ground, and boiling over, in the very same state, certainly from the time of the Romans, and probably from the time of the flood, it is really astonishing to think what a most wonderful apparatus there must exist below, what an inexhaustible stock of provisions to ensure such an everlasting supply of broth, always formed of exactly the same eight or ten ingredients—always salted to exactly the same degree, and always served up at exactly the same heat!"

The account of bathing in this broth is amusing enough; and not conducted with any nice regard to decorum. At an earlier part there is a good account of the Order of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, their origin, progress, and extinction; but we can only copy a short passage as a sample of the author's cogitative style:—

"Old age, I find, stiffens, first of all, the muscles of the tongue; indeed, as man gradually decays, it seems wisely provided by Nature that he should be willing to be dumb, before time obliges him to be deaf: in short, the mind, however voraciously it might once have searched for food, at last instinctively prefers rumination to seeking for more. By young people I shall be thought selfish, yet I do confess that I enjoy silence, because my own notions now suit me best; other people's opinions, like their shoes, don't fit me, and however ill-constructed or old-fashioned my own may really be, yet use has made them easy: my sentiments, ugly as they may seem, don't pinch, and I therefore feel I had rather not exchange them; the one or two friends I have lost, rank in my memory better than any I can ever hope to gain: in fact, I had rather not replace them, and at Langen-Schwalbach, as there was no necessity for a passing stranger like myself to set up a fine new acquaintance with people he would probably never see again, I considered that, with my eyes and ears open, my tongue might harmlessly enjoy natural and delightful repose."

Again he ruminates on another topic:—

"I could not help feeling that, of all the beautiful contrasts in nature, there can be no one more vivid than the sudden change between darkness and light. How weary we should be of eternal sunshine,—how gloomy would it be to grope through one's life in utter darkness; and yet what loveliness do each of these, by contrast, impart to the other! On the heights above the village, how magnificent was the darkness after a hot sunshining day! and then, again, how lovely was the twinkling even of tallow candles, when they suddenly burst upon this darkness! Yet it is with these two in-

gredients that Nature works up all her pictures; and, as Paganini's tunes all come out of two strings of cat-gut, and two of the entrails of a kitten, so do all the varieties which please our eyes proceed from a mixture in different proportions of light and shade; and, indeed, in the moral world, it is the chiaro-scuro, the brightness and darkness of which alone form the happiness of our existence."

This fiddle-string affair seems to be a simile of dissimilitude; but we must confess that our author, with all his merit, is a little garrulous now and then, and certes aims much at producing an effect in finishing his sketches. We would farther instance that of an execution at Malta, in which some of the playful touches jar upon our mind, as incongruous and misplaced. The patriarchal and rural pictures in Germany are in much purer and better taste, and always refreshing. But, in order to do justice to the chief topic which runs through the book, we must refer to a bathing establishment:—

"In the history of the little duchy of Nassau, the discovery of this spring forms a story full of innocence and simplicity. Once upon a time there was a heifer with which every thing in nature seemed to disagree. The more she ate, the thinner she grew—the more her mother licked her hide, the rougher and the more staring was her coat. Not a fly in the forest would bite her—never was she seen to chew the cud; but hide-bound and melancholy, her hips seemed actually to be protruding from her skin. What was the matter with her no one knew—what could cure her no one could divine;—in short, deserted by her master and her species, she was, as the faculty would term it, 'given over.' In a few weeks, however, she suddenly re-appeared among the herd, with ribs covered with flesh—eyes like a deer—skin sleek as a mole's—breath sweetly smelling of milk—saliva hanging in ringlets from her jaw! Every day seemed to re-establish her health, and the phenomenon was so striking, that the herdsman, having watched her, discovered that regularly every evening she wormed her way, in secret, into the forest, until she reached an unknown spring of water, from which, having refreshed herself, she quietly returned to the valley. The circumstance, scarcely known, was almost forgotten by the peasant, when a young Nassau lady began decidedly to shew exactly the same incomprehensible symptoms as the heifer. Mother, sisters, friends, father, all tried to cure her, but in vain; and the physician had actually

* Taken his leave with sighs and sorrow,
Despairing of his fee to-morrow,

when the herdsman, happening to hear of her case, prevailed upon her, at last, to try the heifer's secret remedy—she did so; and, in a very short time, to the utter astonishment of her friends, she became one of the stoutest young women in the duchy. What had suddenly cured one sick lady was soon deemed a proper prescription for others; and all cases meeting with success, the spring, gradually rising into notice, received its name from a circumstance which I shall shortly explain. In the mean while, I will observe, that even to this day horses are brought by the peasants to be bathed, and I have good authority for believing, that in cases of slight consumption of the lungs (a disorder common enough among horses), the animal recovers his flesh with surprising rapidity—nay, I have seen even the pigs bathed, though I must own that they appeared to have no other disorder except hunger. But to return to the 'bad' lady. After following her through a labyrinth of passages (one

of which not only leant sideways, but had an ascent like a hill), she at last unlocked a door, which was no sooner opened, than I saw glide along the floor close by me a couple of small serpents! As the lady was talking very earnestly at the time, I merely flinched aside as they passed, without making any observation; but after I had crossed a small garden, she pointed to a door which she said was that of the source; and, while she stopped to speak to one of the servants, I advanced alone, and opening the gate, saw beneath me a sort of brunnen, with three serpents about the size of vipers swimming about in it! Unable to contain my surprise, I made a signal to the lady with my staff, and as she hurried towards me, I still pointed to the reptiles, as if to know why, in the name of *Æsculapius*, they were allowed thus to contaminate the source of the baths? In the calmest manner possible, my conductress (who seemed perfectly to comprehend my sensations) replied, '*Au contraire, c'est ce qui donne la qualité à ces eaux!*' The quantity of these reptiles, or schlangen, that exist in the woods surrounding the spring is very great; and they of course have given their name to the place. When full grown they are about five feet long, and in hot weather are constantly seen gliding across the paths, or rustling under the dead leaves of the forest. As soon as the lady had shewn me the whole establishment, she strongly recommended me to take up my abode in the old 'Bad-Haus.' However, on my first arrival, when I crossed the promenade in front of it, I had caught a glimpse of some talkative old ladies, whose tongues and knitting needles seemed to be racing against each other, which made it very advisable to decline the polite invitation; and I accordingly selected apartments at one extremity of the new Bad-Haus, my windows on the north looking into the shrubbery, and those on the east upon the two little water-mills, revolving in the green lonely valley of Schlangenbad. The cell of the hermit can hardly be more peaceful than this abode: it is true it was not only completely inhabited (there being no more rooms unoccupied), but it was teeming with people, many of whom are known in the great world. For instance, among its inmates were the Princess Romanow, first wife of the late Grand Duke Constantine of Russia; the Duke of Saxe-Coburg; the Prince of Hesse Homburg (whose brother, the late Landgrave, married the Princess Elizabeth of England); a Prussian Minister from Berlin; and, occasionally, the Princess Royal of Prussia, married to the son of King Frederic William. No part of the building was exclusively occupied by these royal guests, but paying for their rooms no more than the prices marked upon the doors, they ascended the same staircase, and walked along the same passages, with the humblest inmates of the place. Yet within the narrow dominion of their own chamber, visitors were received with every attention due to form and etiquette. The silence and apparent solitude which reigned, however, in this new Bad-Haus was to me always a subject of astonishment and admiration. Sometimes a person would be seen carefully locking his door, and then with the key in his pocket, quietly stealing along the passage: at other times, a lady might be caught on tip-toes softly ascending the stairs; but neither steps nor voices were to be heard; and far from witnessing any thing like ostentation, it seemed to me that concealment was rather the order of the day. As soon as it grew dark, a single wick floating in a small glass lamp, open at the top, was placed at each great entrance-door; and another at each extremity of

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the long passages into which the rooms on each floor communicated, giving the visitors just light enough to avoid running against the walls;—in obscure weather, there was also a lamp here and there in the shrubbery; but as long as the pale moon shone in the heavens, its lovely light was deemed sufficient. A table-d'hôte dinner, at a florin for each person, was daily prepared, for all or any who might choose to attend it; and for about the same price, a dinner with knives, forks, table-cloth, napkins, &c., would be forwarded to any guest who, like myself, was fond of the luxury of solitude: coffee and tea were cheap in proportion. I have dwelt long upon these apparently trifling details, because, humble as they may sound, I conceive that they contain a very important moral. How many of our country people are always raving about the cheapness of the Continent, and how many every year break up their establishments in England to go in search of it; yet, if we had but sense, or rather courage enough to live at home as economically and as rationally as princes and people of all ranks live throughout the rest of Europe, how unnecessary would be the sacrifice, and how much real happiness would be the result!"

Wishing all readers as much amusement as we have derived from the *Bubbles*, so pleasantly blown into their rainbow tints by the author, we have only, in conclusion, to notice the lithographic sketches taken by the aid of Miss Burges's patent *Paneldolon*. To be able to bring away such recollections of the scenes we have enjoyed, is a great additional treat.

Lieutenant Conolly's Overland Journey to the North of India, &c.

(Second Notice.—continued from p. 220.)

THE reported death of the Shah of Persia gives an additional interest and importance to the countries visited by Lieutenant Conolly, and to the rulers with whose position, in respect to that nation, his narrative makes us acquainted. In any struggle for the sovereignty, the Toorkmuns, Afghans, Belooches, &c. and those princes who have influence with them, will probably act conspicuous parts; and it is not unlikely that new political combinations, in so far as such unions can be formed in these unsettled and despotic regions, will result from the present aspect of affairs, and produce considerable changes, not only on the northern frontier of Persia and its Russian relations, but on the opposite side, and with reference to the tribes and territories which connect it with our Indian empire.

From Astrabad our traveller advanced about 210 miles, taking a northerly direction, towards Khiva, reported to be twenty days' march; and he says:

"The Caspian desert is generally of a light soil, white, and inclined to be sandy, yet so firm, that in dry weather camels barely leave the print of their feet upon it. This soil produces light thorns and weedy bushes, much of the juicy camel-thorn, a root like the stem of a vine, called taukh, and stunted tamarisk bushes; and in parts spring patches of coarse grass, probably where water is near the surface. Much of the ground is hard, and quite bare, shewing

occasionally patches of salt, doubtless the cause of the sterility. A third feature is the sand:—this is either spread loosely over the plain, or it is gathered in broad ridges, which assume some consistency. Near such spots the Toorkmuns prefer to pitch their tents; their camps are more private and sheltered, and good water is found at no great depth. We satisfied ourselves that it would not be difficult for a power stronger than the Toorkmuns to reclaim a considerable portion of this waste inland from the coast. Much of the soil (that especially between the rivers Goorgann and Attruck) is good, and water is to be had for little labour. The Russians have been long supposed to have an eye upon this quarter, with a view to the invasion of Khiva: there need be little doubt of their wish to extend their power wherever they can, and they have the best possible excuses for carrying their arms among the noxious hordes who occupy the desert eastward of the Caspian; for, though I do not anticipate the entire revolution in the trade of Asia, and 'the shaking to its very centre the enormous commercial superiority of the dominators of the sea,' which Moravieff predicts as consequent upon the taking of Khiva by his countrymen; still there can be little doubt, that if the Russians should succeed in establishing their authority at the above-mentioned place, they would gain great commercial and political advantages; and the mere circumstance of some hundreds of their people being in the worst state of slavery there, might induce them to attempt its reduction, (not that I think it would, apart from the consideration of political contingencies). Since the days of Peter the Great, when Prince Bekowitch (who was sent with a party in search of the gold dust which was supposed to lie on the banks of the ancient Oxus) was killed, and his skin made into a drum by the Tartars, we do not hear of any direct attempt on the part of the Russians to establish themselves on the eastern coast of the Caspian; but they certainly have cultivated a very good understanding with the Toorkmuns who dwell along that shore, who, being settled, and profiting from their intercourse with the foreigners, have not that jealous hatred of them which their inland brethren entertain for those who they think would deprive them of their much-prized liberty; and, whether directly through these tribes, or through the means of the Persians, I confess it would not greatly astonish me to hear of the Russians causing Meshed-e-Misreanu to be re-occupied, or some other conveniently situated spot near the coast to be inhabited. Moravieff, some years ago, talked sanguinely about marching to capture Khiva, and revolutionise Tartary, with three thousand men; but I do not read that he made any arrangements for communicating with his countrymen even in case of success. He speculates upon several very uncertain aids, and, in my humble opinion, his plan is rather a romantic one. The Toorkmuns being greatly divided among themselves, some of them might be induced to assist the Russians, for interest is a first principle with them; but they are quite as treacherous as greedy, and though they would, perhaps, assist the invaders so long as they had the best of it, they would turn upon them in case of a reverse. With respect to the communication between the Caspian Sea and Khiva, it is interrupted in summer by the great heats, which render the passage across the desert a serious undertaking; and the road may be said to be open for only nine months and a half in the year, i. e. from the middle of August till the commencement of June. In winter these

plains are travelled, and the snow that lies on them obviates the necessity of carrying water. From the 26th of April to the 19th of May, the thermometer (in the shade at noon) ranged 76° to 80° Fahrenheit; one day it rose to 84°, but there was usually a light wind stirring, and the nights were cool. Having alluded to the supposed view of the Russians in Tartary, I would here offer an opinion upon the question of their ability to establish their authority on the Oxus. I have said that I conceive it practicable for them to form a settlement on the east coast of the Caspian; and I do not see reason to doubt their being able, at the favourable season, to march a proper force across the desert to Khiva. The Toorkmuns, though superior irregular cavalry, are not an enemy who could offer effectual opposition to disciplined troops, and Khiva itself is a place of no strength; but I differ from Mr. Moravieff in thinking that the Russians could sustain themselves there through the partial influence of Toorkmun tribes. I see a much more likely way of their attaining their object by means of the Persians, whom in process of time they may push on in more directions than one, to serve their own purposes.

"The Russians think much of their cossacks; but in the last Persian war the Kuzzilbashers rode round them, and whipped their heads off whenever they could separate them. However, in the event of the Russians taking Khiva, and invading Hindostan by the route of the Oxus, Bulkh, and Canbul, I suppose they would train the Toorkmuns to beat any irregular cavalry that we could send against them. We expected to find these Tartars the very Parthians of old, and to witness prodigies done with the bow and arrow, but we hardly saw this weapon; the sword and light lance were in general use, and all who could afford it, had a gun of some sort or other."

Whatever means Russia may take to establish what Baron Meyendorff designates her "*influence salulaire sur l'Asie centrale*," this is perhaps the hour which will lead to something of their developement. But we return to our author's sketches.

"It is a wild scene, a Toorkmun camp. All its tenants are astir at daybreak; and the women, after a short busy period, retire to work within their tents. Towards the evening the men get together, and sit in circles discoursing: the mistress of a tent is seen seated outside knitting; near her is 'an old negro woman, dry and withered as the deserts of Libya,' who is churning in a skin hung upon three sticks, or dangling the last born; and the young fry, dirty and naked, except perhaps a small jacket, or skull-cap, fantastically covered with coins, bits of metal, or beads and charms, run about in glee like so many imps, screaming and flinging dust on each other, the great game of these unsophisticated children of nature. As the day declines, the camels are driven in, and folded within the camp; soon after the sun has set, a few watchers are set; here and there perhaps in a tent remain for a short time 'the light of the candle and the sound of the millstones;' but soon the whole camp is in still repose."

This is the land for widows who don't dislike a second.

"The Toorkmuns differ from other Mohammedan pastoral nations in some of their marriage customs: very few take the authorised complement of wives; I do not think that we saw a tent in which there were more than two. Most commonly virgins are given to unmarried lads; if a widower desires to wed a maiden, he

* The Khan of Khiva rules over some 300,000 souls. Of these, thirty thousand are Oosbegs, lords of the soil by right of conquest; one hundred thousand are Sarts, the inhabitants of the country before the Oosbegs took it; the Karakalpacks (who are found chiefly to the south of Lake Aral) number as many; and the remainder are Toorkmuns, a few Kirghiz, and some Taujicks, or domesticated people of foreign extract. The Oosbegs, pluming themselves only upon their warlike propensities, behave in an overbearing manner to the other inhabitants of the country."

must pay largely for her, which is a distinction that does not accord with Mohammedan law. For a man to marry a widow is a still more difficult matter; for, unlike the Arabs, who consider marriage with a widow ill-omened, the Toorkmuns prefer them on account of their superior knowledge of the *ménage*, they being of course better acquainted with household duties than unmarried girls. In Arabia but half price is given for a widow; but the Toorkmun relicts are generally at a considerable premium. It was related, as an instance of a man's great generosity, that he gave his daughter, a widow, to the brother of his deceased son-in-law, when he might have gotten to the value of—I am afraid to say how many tomanas for her. *

"The Toorkmuns capture many beautiful women in Persia, but prefer making money by selling them in the markets of Khiva and Bokhara to taking them to wife. The women of pure Tarter blood are proud of it, and ill-disposed to share their lands with a stranger; so that, for the sake of peace, a man will content himself with a wife or two of his own race. 'Women!' said a Toorkmun female, in allusion to the Persian girls—'do you call those thin-skinned daughters of the devil—women?' The condition of these poor captives must be very wretched, torn from their homes, and taken under every indignity and suffering through the desert, to be sold in the Oosbeg markets. The following anecdote, though told *à la Persan*, I believe to be true: the relater was a young man of a respectable family, who lived at Meshed, and I give the story in his words: 'When Ameer Hyder died, I was sent, I beg to state, with the Elchee, who went to carry Hussan Allee Meerza's condolence to the royal family at Bokhara. The day after our arrival at the city, I strolled into the bazaar with a man of the Mehmaundar's, and passing down the street, saw that it was lined on either side with groups of men and women. It did not at first strike me that they were prisoners, for every thing was new to me; but, on a remark of my companion's, I stayed to observe them, and my heart turned within me, for they were of my own country and religion, and looked like beasts, to be sold to worse than Kautfers. I could do nothing,—nothing but curse their oppressors; so I very sorrowfully took my way home again. At the head of the bazaar I again stopped, to watch a bargain that an Oosbeg was driving for a very beautiful Persian girl, so beautiful, I beg leave to state, that I have not seen her like. A neck a cubit long,—eyes, large as—this cup (taking up from the sofa one which helped him to a smile): her tears fell like the rain in spring; and she was altogether so lost in grief that she appeared bereft of her senses. Her master treated her with the grossest brutality, making her rise and uncover herself, that her intended purchaser might see the beauties of her person. Once he rudely snatched the veil from off her, and God is witness, that when from shame she crossed her arms over her bosom, he cut her on the back with a whip to make her withdraw them. Further, what shall I say?—my heart burned, and I became as nothing; but I was powerless, a stranger, and without the means to ransom her.—Inshallah! a day will come!'

"In no people is the pride of birth stronger than in the Toorkmuns; these ugly little savages have the most sovereign contempt for their good-looking neighbours the Persians, and believe that they are the only people of any real consequence in the world."

With these few notes, illustrative of the Toorkmuns, we must this week be contented.

Captain Scott's Recollections of a Naval Life. [Second notice.]

WE have nothing to do but to proceed with Captain Scott's illustrations of the warfare in the Chesapeake, and the strangely different versions of the affairs and events in that quarter.

The attack on Commodore Barney's flotilla is thus given:—

"As we advanced, Commodore Barney's broad pendant was discovered flying on board the Scorpion, and the whole of the gun-boats in a line above her, with their ensigns and pendants fluttering in the breeze. Here, then, was the boasted flotilla; we had brought them to bay, and in a few minutes we should see what they were made of. The admiral, dashing on in his gig, led the attack. On closing with the commodore, the silence of his guns, and a smoke issuing from the sloop, at once made known what was to follow. The order to lie on their oars was immediately given to the boats; and in a few minutes the Scorpion, like the venomous insect she was named after, unable to wound her enemies, turned the sting of death upon herself, and exploding, blew stars, stripes, broad pendant, and herself, into a thousand atoms. Each of her consorts went off in like manner, nearly in succession, the last of which, being the magazine vessel, almost cracked the drums of our ears.* It was a grand sight; one vast column of flame appeared to ascend and lose itself in the clouds; from the summit of the evanescent flash issued a black floating mass of smoke, which, quickly unfolding itself in curling wreaths, gradually but quickly obscured the heavens from our view. Out of the seventeen vessels composing Commodore Barney's force, one alone escaped the conflagration, which fell into our hands. The American chief preferred abandoning his charge, to the risk of trying the fortune of war at close quarters. Thirteen merchant-vessels were found lying above the flotilla; some were burned, and the others sent to Pig Point."

Where such different facts appear—and Capt. Scott multiplies his instances, and contrasts them in a manner of which even copious extracts could afford but a faint idea—the whole must be read at full to be appreciated—we can entertain little hope of reconciling the black and the white. The more successful Sir G. Cockburn was, the more he became the object of abuse:—

"The American press was unsparing in the abuse and vituperation that it heaped upon him; it out-heroded Herod: there was no crime, no outrage however flagitious, that was not placed to his account. In short, a monster of unparalleled iniquity had appeared upon the coast to teach them a salutary lesson. Perhaps there cannot be a more decisive proof of the energy and activity of Sir G. Cockburn, than these angry vociferations of our astounded enemies. Certainly no man during the whole

* "Extract of a letter from Commodore Barney to Mr. Pleasants, dated Baltimore, Oct. 30, 1814: 'For it is well known, when orders were given to blow up the flotilla, that the enemy were firing upon them from forty barges with cannon and rockets. So far from being able to get farther up the river, as was said, the vessels were aground, and blown up in that situation; and as to having time to save the baggage, so contrary is it to truth, that several of the men were taken prisoners in the act of destroying the flotilla.—*Nile's Register*, vol. vii. p. 142.' It is well known to every officer and man who accompanied the admiral, that not a single shot or rocket was fired at the flotilla. This is error the first of Commodore Barney."

† "In speaking of Captain Napier's feat with the boats, Mr. O'Connor, the historian, states they were so warmly attacked, that 'the screams of their wounded could be heard in the midst of a roar of arms, that made the houses in the city shake for nearly an hour and a half.' *Mirabile dictu!* The real fact is, that only one boat was struck, and one man in her was mortally wounded."

war was so distinguished; every blow he struck served to increase the fury of the printers' devils.

"A certain James O'Boyle, a naturalised Irishman, as he calls himself, residing at Pugh Town, Virginia, offers a reward of one thousand dollars for the head of the notorious incendiary, and infamous scoundrel, and violator of all laws, the British Admiral Cockburn, or five hundred dollars for each of his ears on delivery."—*Nile's Register*, vol. iv. p. 402."

And, according to these accounts, acts kept pace with words. In an abortive attack upon Crany Island, the English were repulsed, and some of the boats' crews thrown ashore. Capt. S. says:—

"It was distressing to see the poor unarmed fellows who reached the beach from the sunken boats, deliberately massacred by the Americans, who, running down as the dripping wretches gained the shore, applied the muzzles of their muskets to their ears, mercilessly imbruing their hands in the blood of helpless foes. It was a sight, the remembrance of which at this distance of time makes my blood boil, and evinces a ferocity of feeling only suited to a state of barbarism."

Yet we are told, and it is illustrated by many specific anecdotes:—

"The men who most vehemently proclaimed their patriotism and devotion to their country's service, and a proportionable degree of hatred to the Britishers, when subjected to the scrutiny of Argus' eyes and hearing of jealous ears, were the very men who were privately our best friends, and whose adherence we never doubted so long as we could administer to their self-interest. I cannot, therefore, be supposed to entertain any very high idea of the inhabitants of the land of liberty, or their integrity of purpose; but in making this avowal, it is but justice to declare, as I have before stated, that my experience was circumscribed to within ten miles of the shores of that finest piece of water in the world, the Chesapeake, and its magnificent rivers."†

The desertion of the negro slaves to our squadron was at any rate less questionable and more serviceable; for they were excellent guides to expeditions on shore on all necessary occasions, and on some almost ludicrous, as the following will shew:—

"Under another flag of truce, the same

* "The fiction of New Orleans was not unique, as will be seen by the following oration extracted from *Nile's Register*, vol. iv. p. 333. Cockburn addressed his men to the following purport: 'My brave fellows! we will storm Fort Nelson by dinner, and be in Norfolk to supper. There you will find two banks, with a great quantity of dollars; and for your exertions and bravery, you will have three days' plunder, and the free use of a number of fine women, besides a handsome bounty. The inhabitants are very rich.'"

† "Shortly after the first occupation of Benedict by the British force, an American came over from the enemy to Captain Barrie, and warned him that the principal part of the liquor in the stores would be found poisoned. He expressed himself very properly upon the occasion, remarking, that though he was aware his communication would be stigmatised as treasonable by many of his countrymen, yet he conceived he was only fulfilling a sacred duty to his country in endeavouring to avert the disgrace which such a diabolical and cowardly act would inevitably entail upon a large and innocent portion of his compatriots. Here was an act of true and genuine patriotism; and it is with sincere pleasure I record the honourable conduct of an individual, to counterbalance the execrable feelings that prompted his countrymen to adopt a mode of extermination totally incompatible with the acknowledged laws of civilised warfare, and such as the wild Indian would reject with horror. It might perhaps have been politic to have allowed these dark spots in American character to rest in darkness and obscurity. I unwillingly raise the veil for the purpose of refuting the partial attempts that have been lately made to lower the naval and military professions of this country, and to raise that of the American at the expense of justice and truth." Capt. S. relates another affair where poisoned wines, &c. were left in a surprised fort—see pp. 245, 4.

gentleman (a militia captain, of whom a previous story is told), several months after this first introduction, reappeared on the Albion's deck, and it so happened that I was again the officer of the watch. He was much more free with his tongue. After conversing upon our different incursions, and animadverting upon them, he continued,—"You have a Mr. S. on board here, I guess?" "There is." "And I calculate I have the honour of addressing him?" "My name is S." "I guessed as much. You are considerably fond of paying us nightly visits. Why don't you come in the open face of day, like a man?" "Merely because I find it more convenient to ramble at that time." "I guess it's not like a warrior, or a gentleman, coming in the night like a robber. They tell me you are a mighty admirer of pocket-pieces. Now I do assure you, I have the prettiest one throughout all the States, and nothing will please me more than if you will call for it." Perhaps it will be better here to explain the manner in which the enemy's forces were divided on the eastern shore. The coast is intersected with small rivers and creeks; a regiment of militia, consisting of twelve hundred strong, would be divided into companies to protect a space of fourteen to twenty miles, one or two of them being quartered at the mouth of these rivers. At the entrance of the principal, batteries were erected for the protection of their vessels. These positions were frequently destroyed by taking them in detail; and it sometimes occurred, that the troops called together to resist our attack at one point were obliged to leave the others unprotected. Our business was generally achieved before they could possibly reach us, from the circuitous track they were obliged to pursue; while we would embark in our boats, and proceed to the unprotected points to follow up the same game. The poor militiamen were fairly worried out of their lives—they knew no repose by night or by day: the very devil was in the admiral and his men—never was such a vexatious, harassing mode of warfare; they were here, and there, and every where. These stations were in most cases provided with a six-pounder field-piece, for the greater convenience of bringing it to bear upon any threatened point in their immediate neighbourhood; but in our attacks upon them, many of the pretty pocket-pieces quoted by the American captain fell into our power; and, prompted by his obliging offer to me, I therefore replied,—"If you will inform me where I can have the honour of paying my respects to you, I will, with the admiral's permission, certainly avail myself of your polite invitation." Drawing his figure up to its full height, he answered, with suitable dignity of demeanour, with which, however, his phraseology was sadly at variance, "I guess you'll find me commandant at Fort Chessnessick; but tarnation seize me in the bramble-bush of damnation if I don't blow you to hell if you put your foot within a mile of my command. You know better; I would give you such a whipping as would cure you from rambling a-night, like a particular G—d—d tom-cat." "Well, I can not let you off, and shall trust to your hospitality for a warm reception." "Oh yes, by G—, as warm as great guns and small arms can welcome you; I guess you'll think twice before you come." Here further parley was interrupted; and the flag of truce took its departure, but not before my friend, with a knowing wink, repeated his invitation. I did not suffer many minutes to elapse after they quitted the deck before I reported to the admiral the American's challenge, and my ac-

ceptance of it. He acceded to my wishes, with the proviso that I should be accompanied by a slave who was well acquainted with the localities of the spot. One of the commandant's own negroes volunteered to guide me to the fort. All objections being removed, I was sent off in the barge to reconnoitre the premises: while performing this duty I received a Turkish salute, as I was taking my bearings, from a small sandy islet from which I intended to start. At ten o'clock at night I left the ship with the armed boats, gained the islet, and set forward for the scene of attack. The battery was situated on a peninsula. I had intended landing on the isthmus in the rear, to cut off all retreat to the garrison. The murky darkness of the night favoured our designs; but we missed the precise spot fixed upon, in consequence of placing a greater reliance on the local knowledge of our negro guide than on my own observations of the morning. As we approached the land, I proceeded ahead in the gig to reconnoitre. I shoved her on shore under what appeared to be a high bank, and, jumping out with blacky, inquired if it was the right spot. "Yees, massa; pose you go round here, you hab 'em all." I was giving my orders in a whisper to the coxswain of the gig to push off and desire the boats to come on, when a great gun directly over my head went off, and the shot rattled in among the boats—instead of disembarking half a mile off, we had landed at the fort itself. Its inmates were evidently unprepared for us; the hullabaloo increased—all was hurry-scurry and confusion—there was no time to reload. The gig's crew, quick as thought, scaled the ramparts, and there we were planted in the precincts of the redoubtable captain's command—the rest of the boats dashed in. The enemy merely gave us the contents of their muskets as they turned out of the barracks and made their escape, headed by the gallant shivering commandant in his shirt. The Americans made such good use of their legs, that by the time our men had got fairly into the work, they could only let fly at the rear of the flying squad, which brought down two poor fellows. Finding pursuit vain, I secured the gate by which they made their rapid exit, and proceeded to commence the work of destruction. On reaching the commandant's apartment, I found the whole of that captivating regimental suit before described, small-clothes and all, lying on a chair by his bedside. The silver-mounted side-arms graced the wall, and a substantial beef-steak pie the table, upon which he appeared to have supped very heartily; the whole of the *ménage* was strongly impregnated with the fumes of whisky and tobacco. The sword I considered my own; the regimentals, with the appurtenances, I made over to a serjeant of the Black Marines—for at this time those slaves who volunteered were embodied into a regiment.) At daylight we shipped the captain's beautiful pocket-piece, set fire to the barracks, and blew up the fort. Before we re-embarked I went to a farmhouse adjoining the scene of destruction, and left my compliments with its inhabitants for the captain commandant, and a message to the following purport, that "I did not perfectly coincide with him as to the beauty of the pocket-piece, but for the possession of it felt my best thanks were due; and that if he had any more to dispose of, I would take the earliest opportunity of calling for them." The disgrace of being thus surprised napping and retreating *sans culottes* did not appear to have a tenth part so much effect on the wounded and sensitive feelings of my swaggering friend, as the dishonour I had

put upon him by making over his military attire, cocked-hat, sky-scraper, feathers, and all, and allowing them to be worn by a 'G—d—d black nigger.' It was 'the unkindest cut of all'; and he loudly declared that Lieutenant S— was no warrior in thus putting so gross an insult upon a gallant enemy. His piteous lamentations were conveyed to me through the means of one of the neutral inhabitants of Watt's Island. He pocketed the loss of his valued wardrobe, and I the distant defiance. He, however, never afterwards visited us in any succeeding flag of truce, nor were his invitations renewed to visit his quarters."

While on the humorous vein, we may as well cite a new case of horse-breaking, which occurs further on, and might suggest a scena to Ducrow.

"Rear-admiral Cockburn had directed me to land on the left bank of the river, to obtain, if possible, a supply of horses for the officers and artillery. I came upon a farm, which the proprietor had abandoned, better stocked than usual with these useful quadrupeds; but all young, and apparently never broken in. They were as wild as deer; but having finally succeeded in driving them into the farm-yard, and thence into a stable, by the assistance of gaskets converted into halters, we secured them; but so full of fire and spirit were the animals, that they threatened to overcome our endeavours in embarking them. Finding I was losing time, I adopted a summary mode of rendering them obedient. Much to the delight of the Jacks, I ordered them to mount the unruly nags, and, having taken a half hitch with the gasket on the lower jaws of the animals, they vaulted on their backs to the number of twenty. The farm-yard gate was then thrown open, and helter-skelter went the whole troop, kicking and flinging to get rid of their riders, who balked all their efforts by the tenacity with which they clung, like so many cats, to their naked backs. Jack cracked on all sail, and round and round the large enclosure they whirled at full gallop in an ecstasy of delight. In little less than half an hour they were completely tractable, and without any difficulty I embarked the poor brutes. It is a singular fact, that not one of the riders was unshipped, though I firmly believe it was the first time they had ever bestrode a horse."

To return to graver matters: Captain S. says—

"It is worthy of remark, that, during the whole period of the foregoing laborious operations, not one seaman or marine was missing. The enemy, who prided himself on his skill in bush-fighting, was completely foiled in this his favourite mode of warfare, and had the candour to confess it." Yet "Mr. Fisk, of Vermont, actually introduced a motion in the House of Representatives, proposing, 'That the committee on public lands be instructed to inquire into the expediency of giving to each deserter from the British army during the present war, one hundred acres of the public lands, such deserter actually settling on the same.'"

"The American press teemed with accounts of the atrocities committed by us in the operations herein related: we were charged with crimes disgraceful to humanity. The National Intelligencer took the lead in these fabrications; they were again propagated by lesser scribes with considerable embellishments, according to the writer's fancy, or the strength of his inimical feelings towards the English nation. The calumny ran like wild-fire through the Union, until the original text was absolutely lost in a monstrous heap of absurdity, and

which, increasing in its descent, like the avalanche of the Alps, at length toppled over from its own enormity, burying in its fall the modicum of truth and the mass of fiction in one common bottom. Well might the editor of the National Intelligencer look aghast at the bantling of his heated and creative fancy. It was, no doubt, a part of the policy of the government to excite the angry feelings of their countrymen, and by so doing ensure their cordial co-operation in raising the large forces already ordered by the president. Such denunciations, issuing from a foiled and defeated enemy, may be justly considered as the best criterion of his opinion of the activity of his adversaries, and may by them be fairly regarded in the light of praise. The whole of these vigorous measures were carried on for the express purpose of misleading the enemy as to the true and ultimate point of attack, harassing the troops, and destroying the different depôts of military stores collected in Virginia and Maryland, to clothe and arm the forces intended for the protection of the capital. By these means, valuable information was gained of their resources, and the character of the troops likely to be brought in contact with the forthcoming expedition was ascertained. Independently of the severe loss inflicted upon the Americans by these proceedings, they had the effect of damping the spirit of the militia, and of shewing them how completely they were in our power, by being vulnerable upon any point where we chose to attack them."

The famous capture of Washington ensued; but we must reserve this interesting portion for a conclusion in our next.

Standard Novels and Romances. No. XXXVI. the Water-Witch; XXXVII. Mothers and Daughters; XXXVIII. the Bravo. London, 1834. Bentley.

A WELL-CHOSEN, various, and attractive collection the *Standard Novels* have been from the first; and the three last numbers are among the best in the catalogue. We know no periodical publication that better deserves encouragement. At what an exceedingly low price the reader is able to possess the deep and thoughtful pages of Godwin; a writer whose productions require to be read and re-read! Again, on what a favourite shelf, in some small book-case, will not the works of Miss Austen be placed; perpetual sources of amusement in those family circles whose histories they so accurately and wittily narrate! Cooper's novels alone, bold, spirited, and original, would make the series worth having. It is in his delineations that the most accurate picture of that extraordinary race, the Indians, will be found. The historian, too, will refer to them for the most graphic and vivid sketches of the early settlers; while the young reader's attention will be chained by the animation and the adventure, to which he gives so much real life. The *Water-Witch* is a romance of the sea; and we think the concluding portion, that from the Coquette preparing for action to the close, as fine as any thing Cooper ever wrote. The *Bravo* is in another style, as peculiar and as Venetian as the dim palaces and gloomy gondolas which glide before the enchained fancy. It is a powerful historical painting as well; true and terrible. *Mothers and Daughters* is certainly the very best of Mrs. Gore's writings. With all her usual wit, it has more than her usual interest; and for a real, genuine, and lively comedy of modern manners, it is unrivalled; while the fallen and penitent Lady Borringhurst, the disappointed and deceived

Claudia, belong to a deeper and yet gentler tone of colouring than she often employs. We have only to add, that Mr. Pickering has been happy and characteristic in most of his illustrations. We particularly like that of the Headsman of St. Mark's; and must conclude by repeating, that we do not know a more cheap, attractive, or neater series than that which is now finding favour with the public. We cordially wish it continued success.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Sir Walter Scott's Poetical Works, Vol. XI. Edinburgh, Cadell; London, Whittaker and Co.; Dublin, Cumming.

THE "Bridal of Triermain" and "Harold the Dauntless," in both of which there is so much fine poetry, and "Waterloo," followed by a few shorter pieces, are contained in this volume, altogether so worthy of its predecessors. The embellishments are also in keeping—Skiddaw, from Turner's pencil, engraved by Miller, and a sweet vignette from the same, engraved by Horsburgh. One of the most amusing features in the notes, &c. is the quotation of puzzled reviewers (while the authorship was *in cog.*), some pointing out resemblances to Scott, others dwelling on the inferiority of the imitation, and others shewing that the writer was copying after Coleridge. We, *i. e.* reviewers, are certainly a clever set to guide the world's opinions. Let us here, however, record, in justice to Mr. Adolphus, jun., that his sagacity in unkenning the Great Unknown is often demonstrated in these pages. Vol. XII. concludes the series, with all Scott's dramas; Halidon Hill, Macduff's Cross, the Doom of Devorgoil, Auchindrane, the House of Aspen, and Goetz of Berlichingen. An index of the whole extends it to nearly 600 pages; but the dramatic pieces make it an excellent separate volume. The embellishments are charming: the conclusion altogether worthy of the design.

Hume and Smollett's History of England, &c. Valpy's Edition. Vols. II. and III.

THE first brings down the history to the end of the reign of Edward III., and, including that of Henry III., embraces much that is most important in our early annals. The last goes far into the reign of Henry VIII. The publisher, in order to correct some misapprehension which it seems has gone abroad respecting this edition, has issued a circular, in which he states, that in size and price it corresponds with his edition of Shakespeare, but with superior embellishments; and that, besides being a reprint of the volumes of Hume and Smollett, the history will be continued from the reign of George II. to 1835, by the Rev. Mr. Hughes, of Cambridge, so as to be complete in nineteen volumes.

Family Classical Library, LII. Valpy. THE seventh volume of Livy; and the conclusion of this series, of which we have always spoken in terms of approval during its entire course.

SCHOOL BOOKS, AND FOR THE YOUNG.

Chronological Rhymes on English History. Pp. 24. London, Darton and Harvey.

A CHILD's book of considerable merit, which may serve as a pleasing memorandum of English history.

Fullon and Knight's English Dictionary. Edinburgh, 1834. Stirling and Kenney; London, Whittaker.

Comprehensivus Classical Atlas. By W. Murphy. The same.

Two very neat, useful, and carefully executed

school-books, though the maps are on too small a scale for accurate reference.

Progressive Exercises in English Composition. By R. G. Parker, A.M. Pp. 100. London, 1834. Priestley.

CONTAINING much useful instruction, and many subjects for acquiring practical skill.

De Porquet's French Reading-Book. Pp. 191. De Porquet et Cooper.

CONCISE and neatly written little histories for the French pupil.

RELIGIOUS.

An Invitation to the Lord's Supper, &c. Pp. 31. London, 1834. Hatchard and Son.

THE profits devoted to religious and charitable objects, this is a fit publication for the season of Lent. Texts of Scripture, suitable to the period, are placed in a prominent light, and enforced in a warm and Christian manner.

Sermons on various Occasions. By C. Webb Le Bas, A.M. Third Volume. 8vo. pp. 393. London, 1834. Murray.

TWENTY sermons in continuation of these excellent discourses.

A Manual of Religious Instruction for the Young. By the Rev. R. Simson, M.A. Pp. 378. London, 1834. Duncan.

MR. SIMSON is a worthy and successful teacher; and if we have not noticed this little volume before, we have to regret our neglect, and recommend it for its good sense and religious propriety.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

MR. HAMILTON in the chair.—The fellows of the Society and visitors had the gratification at this meeting of hearing Lieut. Burnes give a *vivâ voce* account of a portion of his interesting travels in India. The narrative was descriptive of some of the countries beyond the north western frontier of the Bombay presidency, and was illustrated by reference to a capital map, constructed by Lieutenant Burnes himself, under the fostering auspices of Sir J. Malcolm. Our traveller started from Cutch in 1829-30, went up the Runn, a strange region which he describes as entering the territories of the Rajpoot princes, whose ancestors had possession of the country 400 years ago. They hold it to be incestuous for relatives, however distant, to marry; hence they seek husbands for their daughters, and wives for their sons, among the neighbouring tribes: hence, also, the frequency of infanticide: the moment the infant female is ushered into the world, it is smothered in milk, in order to preserve the honour of the family. Some years ago, a treaty was concluded between these princes and the British government, a binding clause of which was, that this horrible practice should be abandoned. Thirteen years after this treaty was agreed to, when Lieut. B. visited their territories, he found the ratio of population in some of the villages to be 800 males to 140 females, or about one sixth; shewing clearly, that whatever might have been the humane feelings of the British government, the terms of the treaty were not adhered to. Leaving the Runn, Lieut. B. proceeded to Parkur, a country which he describes as differing from every other in the world. For six months it is impassable from water; the other six months of the year it is covered with an incrustation of salt, which forms an article of considerable traffic. The mountains of Parkur are composed of granite, while the neighbouring ones of Cutch

are of sandstone. The chiefs of Parkur carry on a profitable speculation in idolatry, at a certain season of the year; the idol, a bit of marble resembling the human shape, is taken by the priests and buried amongst the sand of the desert, whence, at carnival time, it is only to be brought for the worship of its devotees by earnest entreaties and large sums of money. The married women of Parkur are called *soda wines*, and are as much esteemed as those of Cutch are despised, though both territories are within sight of each other. From Parkur he proceeded into the desert, which, though so called, spontaneously produces vegetation sufficient for sustenance, and has wells of water at the depth of sixty feet. It is characterised throughout by a succession of sand-hills, frowning one upon another. In many of these Lieut. B. found quantities of round quartz pebbles—a curious geological fact. The chiefs of this part of the Indian territory are descended from the sun; those of Cutch from the moon. One of the former was visited by our traveller, who was kindly received by him. His castle had 175 towers: the water used by his household was drawn from a depth of eighteen fathoms. The castle and surrounding buildings conveyed a good idea of the capital of a desert king. The floors of the palace were covered with rich cloth. The betel-nut, in a golden vessel, was presented to Lieut. B., and 300 chiefs supported the dignity of the monarch, who appeared exceedingly anxious to cultivate an intercourse with the British government. After detailing some horrid cruelties practised by some of these chiefs, Lieut. B. proceeded to the river Loonee; then to the capital of Joodpoor, the most flourishing principality in Rajast'han. Threatened with the hostilities of the Mahratta princes a few years ago, the ruler of Joodpoor put on the garb of religious insanity, kept to his house, and had communication only with his monks. For ten years he pursued this course; as soon, however, as the storm blew over, he threw off his insanity, resumed the reins of government, slew those chiefs who had been opposed to him during the above period, and now governs Joodpoor with a vigour unequalled in any other part of India. Proceeding to Ajmeer, the only place in the Indian territory where the *Creator* is worshipped,—for the Hindoos only worship the *Preserver*; Lieut. Burnes visited the sacred stream, in which, whosoever bathes has not only all his own sins washed away, but those likewise of his relations. He was solicited for alms by some of the natives who were in the stream. They assured him that his being an infidel signified nothing; only give them a little money, bathe, and his sins would be forgiven. He, however, declined to bathe, though he might have been glad to get rid of his sins at so cheap a rate. After some other interesting observations, Lieut. B. returned to Cutch; and finished his narrative by pronouncing a well-merited eulogy upon the encouragement afforded by the Geographical Society to such travellers as are willing to devote their science and their energies towards obtaining a more perfect knowledge of the globe we inhabit. The thanks of the meeting were voted to Lieut. B. Several new fellows were elected; others were proposed.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

ROBERT GORDON, Esq., M.P., in the chair.—Balance carried to April 1st, 818l. 17s. 1d. Upwards of 10,000 persons visited the gardens and museum during March. Twenty-seven fellows were elected; others proposed. The council reported that the state of the cash

balance at the commencement of the month authorised a fresh investment, by transferring to the capital funded 275l. previously invested as a reserve to meet the rent due for part of the farm; and also by investing the sum of 360l., the amount withdrawn in December last from the funded capital. At lady-day last the Society quitted possession of the farm at Kingston; preparatory to which the council determined on disposing by auction of part of the stock hitherto kept at the farm, as well as of some duplicates from the gardens: a sale accordingly took place on the 20th of March, the proceeds from which, however, were but small, the number of lots having been reduced by the advantageous sale at the commencement of the year of several animals by private contract. The animals unsold will be removed to the gardens, and within a month from the present time the farm establishment will be at an end. It was intimated that the anniversary meeting would take place on the 29th of the present month, at Willis's Rooms; the Royal Institution, hitherto liberally granted by the managers, being otherwise engaged on that day.

At the meeting for scientific business, some interesting communications were read. There was placed on the table the eighth number of Mr. Gould's splendid work on the Birds of Europe, which has just made its appearance. The figures and descriptions more than equal the promise of the former numbers. On opening the volume, the first bird which arrests attention is the rufous edge-warbler (*Salicaria galactotes* Gould)—nothing can exceed the simple, chaste, and expressive grace and attitude of this bird; then again the shieldrake, (*Anas tadorna*)—what luxurious duck-like roundness, what softness of plumage, and quietude of repose! We pass on to the long-tailed tits—balls of soft down fitting from twig to twig with fairy-like grace and agility. We might go on with the horned grebes, the little terns, and many more, but we must forbear; suffice it to say, that of all the splendid works on ornithology, the present stands in the foremost rank for truth and beauty.

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

On Monday various donations of books and insects were announced. Mr. L. H. Petit, Sir H. Edwards, and Mr. Thomas Pritchard, were elected members; and M. Schönerer of Skarra in Sweden, and Signor Passerini of Florence, were elected foreign honorary members. Letters from M. Lefebvre of Paris and Dr. Wiedmann of Kiel were read. Various remarkable and interesting novelties were exhibited, and the following papers were read, namely,—a memoir upon the habits of various Indian insects, by Mr. W. S. Saunders. Amongst others, Mr. S. detailed the history of a curious species of wasp, which builds its nests in apartments, occasionally selecting the interior of flutes, and making the key-holes serve for the entrance to its nest.—Observations on a mode, practised in Italy, of excluding the common house-fly from apartments, by Mr. W. Spence. The author entered into the question of the instinctive powers which induced these insects to avoid the meshes of a gauze net more than an inch in diameter, which was employed to deter them from entering into rooms.—Account of the caterpillar of *Cucullia Thapsiphaga*, a rare British moth, by Mr. Standish. Continuation of the Rev. Mr. Hope's paper on succinic insects, in which the author endeavoured to clear up the confusion which exists in the works of naturalists relating to gum copal and anime, the latter of

which alone had been found to contain insects, although this property had been attributed to copal. Dr. Ure, who was present at the meeting, stated, that he had recently minutely analysed various gums supposed to contain insects, the account of which, as respects gum copal and anime, he communicated to the meeting, and added, that he had obtained results of great practical utility by the application of the new etheral essence of caoutchouc. An interesting discussion took place amongst the members relative to the subjects of the preceding papers.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

APRIL 9th. Mr. Greenough, president, in the chair. Several fellows were elected. A paper by Mr. Richardson was first read, giving a minute description of the geological structure of the coast from Whitstable to the North Foreland; and an account of the changes which have taken place in the physical outline of the shore at Herne Bay. Among the bones obtained by the author from the oyster-bed opposite Swale Cliff, and exhibited to the Society, were those of the elephant, horse, bear, ox, and deer. A paper by the Rev. D. Williams was afterwards read, on the ravines, passes, and fractures, in the Mendip Hills, and other adjacent boundaries of the Bristol coal-field, and on the geological period when they were effected.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

MR. HUDSON GURNEY in the chair. Mr. Phillips, one of the auditors appointed to examine the accounts of the treasurer for the past year, read their report upon that subject. Mr. Taylor exhibited a very small Roman lamp, found near the Surrey Canal. Mr. Kempe exhibited a quarto tract, printed in 1513, by Richard Pynson, entitled, "The Statutes and Ordinances of Warre of our Soverayne Lord Henry VIII." This is the earliest printed tract on the above subject extant, and is, perhaps, unique: it formed the basis of the military regulations for the British army, known as the regulations of war. A further portion was read of Mr. Otley's essay on ancient writing, and the use of minuscular characters by the Romans.

FINE ARTS.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, SUFFOLK STREET.

[Fourth Notice.]

No. 272. *The Fresh Tap*. W. Shayer.—"Ay, this is the right sort; quite as good as the last!" is the evident exclamation of those who are partaking of "the fresh tap." As an interior, it would not disgrace the pencil of Teniers, or any other master of the Flemish school.

No. 399. *Going to School*. R. Farrier.—A schoolboy is never out of his way, even when going to school, if a stone, a dog, or a fly present itself. Greater excitement, or more intense interest, could hardly be exhibited by the whaler endeavouring to secure his fish, than is here displayed in the act of trying to catch a fly.

No. 277. *The Water-Mill*. C. R. Stanley.—It seldom happens that either a wind-mill or a water-mill comes amiss for the pencil of the artist. Few painters are better qualified to do justice to a subject of this character than Mr. Stanley, who has been equally fortunate in his choice and in his treatment.

No. 321. *The Toilette*. R. T. Lonsdale.—

This gem of art, for such it really is, is no less admirable for its brilliant execution than for its composition and fine effect of chiaroscuro.

No. 250. *The Crucifixion*. H. T. Davis, 52d Regt.—Whatever the individual parts of this painting may be (for it is out of the reach of close inspection), its general character and effect are well imagined, and do great credit to the skill and talents of the amateur artist—for such we conceive him to be.

No. 336. *Unloading a Barge*. F. R. Lee.—Under this title an approaching storm is represented with a fidelity that makes us shrink in imagination from the merciless and pelting showers about to descend on the heads of the group occupied in the centre of the picture.

No. 349. *The Court-Martial subsequent to the Bristol Riots*. Miss Sheepshead.—The fair artist has displayed great skill in bringing into view a multitude of figures, finished with great labour and care, and, as we imagine, for the most part portraits. We only regret that she had not found a more suitable subject for the exercise of her pencil.

No. 368. *Backhuysen and his Mariners leaving the Port*. J. Wilson.—This is another pictorial record by this artist of the devotedness of the painter to his favourite pursuit; and from the character of the threatening tempest, so ably depicted, we might almost infer a like devotedness in the English artist.

Other examples of distinguished talent will be found in this room; among them No. 260. *Wood-Cutters*. J. W. Allen.—No. 285. *The Mill*. F. C. Lewis.—No. 282. *Portrait of Sir Edward Banks*. Mrs. C. Pearson.—No. 289. *Portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Leicester Stanhope*. F. Stone.—No. 306. *The Monument of Sir Richard Stapleton, &c.* S. A. Hart.—No. 295. *Woodcocks*, and No. 322. *Still Life*. G. Stevens.—No. 357. *A View of Staiths, Yorkshire*. G. Chambers.—No. 362. *Near Sutton Coldfield, Warwickshire*. T. Creswick.—No. 353. *River Scene, Moonlight*. E. Childs.

[To be continued.]

NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS, OLD BOND STREET. (Second notice.)

It should be borne in mind, by all who wish to establish their claims to consideration as artists, that from the advance of talent, and the accumulation of paintings and drawings, yearly brought into view, quality, not quantity—selection, not number—are the objects to be aimed at. We do not make the remark as exclusively applicable to this new Society; for the observation appertains alike to the exhibitions at the Royal Academy, and elsewhere. In the collection under our notice, there are, as we have already said, many very able and pleasing works of art; and our second visit warrants us in repeating, that it is worthy of public attention, and will afford much gratification to the lovers and encouragers of the fine arts.

No. 41. *Fable of the Monkey and the Cheese*; No. 45. *Study of a Lion's Head, painted in the Jardin des Plantes*. J. M. Burbank.—In these two subjects we have not only examples of the sublime and the ridiculous, but also specimens of the artist's skill in execution, and of his broad and powerful style, as well as powers of natural representation. His various contributions in this way form a very prominent feature in the collection.

Flowers, and subjects of still-life, make also an agreeable portion of this exhibition; and among the most prominent will be found the works of V. Bartholomew, especially No. 55.

Birds; No. 160. *Flowers—Camellia Japonica, Arbutus, Bird's Nest, &c.*; No. 179. *Flowers—Convolvulus, &c.* Of the beauty and execution of these drawings, no description can give an adequate idea: they must be seen to be appreciated.

In the landscape department there are not a few which may rank in merit with any performances of this class, and which would do credit to any exhibition, old or new. We shall point out some among them. No. 84. *Winchester Cathedral, from the Ruins of Wolsley Castle*. Thomas Maisey and George Sydney Shepherd. The contrast of the ruins with the cathedral is very ably, as well as judiciously, brought in aid of a very striking and beautiful composition.—No. 74. *Scene in St. James's Park, taken in the Autumn of 1832*. W. N. Hardwick. The artist could hardly have chosen a subject better known, or more calculated to shew his powers, or the fluent and transparent character of his pencil, which is seen in his several other productions, particularly No. 87. *Brook Scene, with Figures*.—No. 23. *Pass above Aberglaslyn, Caernarvonshire*. R. F. Gale. A scene of awful sublimity, treated in a bold and broad style of execution well suited to the subject.—No. 52. *Builthar Abbey, Shropshire*, J. Powell; No. 61. *Roslin Castle*, George Barnard; and No. 64. *Penryn Castle, Bay of Beaumaris, North Wales*, Daniel Fowler—are varied, but highly pleasing performances.

No. 104. *View from Mill Hill, Gravesend*. G. F. Phillips.—The style of this artist is distinguished for the level flatness of his ground, and the extent and aerial perspective of his distances; of which qualities, as well as of truth of colouring and breadth of execution, this drawing affords an admirable example.

[To be continued.]

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Picturesque Memorials of Salisbury. Drawings and Engravings by Mr. J. Fisher; Descriptive Letter-press by the Rev. P. Hall, M.A. Nos. IX. and X.

THESE numbers, containing, among other representations, views of "St. Edmund's Church," "The Houses of Canon Hume and James Lacy, Esq.," "Interior of St. Thomas's Church," "Old Sarum," and "The Old Council-House," complete this pleasing topographical publication. Mr. Hall has honourably redeemed his pledge, "not only to preserve a faithful record of the ecclesiastical, civil, and domestic remains of Salisbury, as they at present stand, but to rescue from oblivion many traces of beauty and curiosity, which the lapse of ages, the fluctuations of taste, and the love of comfort and convenience have already swept away."

We transcribe a whimsical anecdote of Sir Joshua Reynolds, from whose design of the ascension of our Saviour there is a stained-glass window by Eginton, in the Lady Chapel of Salisbury Cathedral.

"In the original sketch, submitted by Sir Joshua to the bishop, although our Lord was represented as risen from the tomb, the tomb was still left closed and sealed. The bishop remonstrated, but the painter persisted that he had only made the miracle the greater; and it was not without much difficulty that he was prevailed upon to correct the design."

Speaking of Stonehenge, Mr. Hall says:

"A curious work, comprising an account of the British Islands prior to the invasion of Julius Caesar, has lately been discovered in the possession of the Brahmins of Benares. In this

valuable treasure of antiquity Britain is called by a name which signifies the Holy Land; the Thames, the Isis, and other rivers, bear similar titles with those of the present day; and Stonehenge is described as a grand Hindoo temple! The Asiatic Society of Calcutta are said to be preparing for publication a translation of this interesting manuscript."

Landscape Illustrations of the Bible. Part II. Murray.

"SIDON" and "Nazareth," drawn by Turner, "Jerusalem," drawn by Roberts, and a "Street in Jerusalem," drawn by Callcott; all from sketches on the spot by C. Barry, Esq. and all engraved by the Findens, are the embellishments of the part of the *Landscape Illustrations of the Bible* lying before us. Nothing can exceed their beauty. We fear, however, that much of the charm arises from the imaginative feeling of the able artists who have made the drawings from the original sketches; and we confess that we cannot yet wholly divest ourselves of the repugnance which follows a suspicion that the positive truth of subjects rendered sacred by their character and history is in the slightest degree sacrificed to considerations of art. This is the only drawback on our admiration of this deeply interesting publication.

Eight Engravings. Illustrations of the Bible.

From original Paintings made expressly by Richard Westall, Esq. R.A., and John Martin, Esq. the painter of "Belshazzar's Feast." Part I. Bull and Churton.

VERY indifferently executed little wood-cuts, from designs, with most, if not with all, of which the public are already familiar. Yet, to judge from the pompous announcement of the work, and from the manner in which it has been spoken of in some of the papers, it might be mistaken for a worthy rival or companion of that which we have just noticed, and with which its appearance—accidentally, of course—is coeval!

MUSIC.

SOCIETA ARMONICA.

WHETHER the Easter holidays had any thing to do with the thin attendance in the orchestra at the second concert, on Monday week, we cannot determine; but we missed several of our old favourites, though still there was enough of first-rate talent present to do justice to Beethoven's delightful symphony in C major. This, and Hummel's septett for pianoforte, flute, oboe, horn, and stringed instruments, were, to our minds, the gems of the concert. Mr. Forbes, the spirited director of this Society, played the pianoforte of the last-mentioned piece with very considerable advantage to his reputation. We must honestly confess that we had not, from some previous specimens, been inclined to rate his performance very highly; but the compositions, on the occasions alluded to, were of an inferior order, and we take it to be a strong presumption in favour of his general ability, that he appears to succeed best in good music, wherefore, we trust, he will in future always select such. Mr. Henry Wolf, a young violinist, played a solo of his own composition, and had reason to be greatly pleased with his reception. The air, a *Polonaise*, was far from commonplace; but the variations were, according to custom, a mere vehicle for the display of execution. There were so many good points about his performance, that we cannot but regret the inaccuracy of his intonation. He was too sharp nearly throughout, and sometimes even painfully so;

but we will not hastily decide that this defect is habitual, for it may, in a young musician, arise partly from the nervous anxiety consequent on appearing before the public. Applauses long and loud followed Mr. L. Schultz's fantasia on the guitar; and, when called on to repeat it, he had the good sense to substitute another piece; but we had not penetration enough to discover any thing beyond clever mechanism in either specimen of his musical powers. We cannot say much for the singing, as to matter or manner. We had hoped, from certain indications at the last concert, that we should not again have been surfeited with the puerilities of the modern Italian school. Both the female vocalists engaged were prevented from attending by indisposition, and their places were supplied by two unfinished pupils of the Royal Academy. Signor Begrez also appeared in the room of Signor Curioni,—for what reason the audience were not informed. These circumstances caused a few inversions and substitutions in the scheme of the concert; which, however, in truth, contained nothing of much promise in the vocal department. We looked for consolation to Signor Zuchelli, who can do justice to good music when he chooses to sing it; but, alas! on this occasion he did not so choose; and we were therefore disappointed in the only quarter whence we had expected any gratification of this kind. The absence of Mrs. Seguin was unfortunate; but that of Madame Kyntherland was no loss, as we had satisfactory evidence, at De Begnis' concert last season, of that lady's entire unfitness for the profession she had chosen. It is really inconceivable why the Opera management should have engaged such a performer; and it is almost equally unaccountable that the director of these usually excellent concerts should have followed such an example. A native singer, equally disqualified, would not be tolerated for two successive nights; and why should so much more indulgence be extended to a foreigner? Some of the foregoing remarks may appear unpalatable, but they are dictated by the most friendly feeling towards this Society; and we trust they will be received in a similar spirit.

SOCIETY DELLA CONCORDIA.

A NEW musical society, with the sonorous title of "La Società della Concordia," has just started into being, under the fostering care of Signor Lanza; and the first concert was given on Friday week, at the Music Hall, which, be it known to our fashionable readers, is a concert-room of ample dimensions, that has lately been erected in the northern regions of Store Street, Bedford Square. This new room possesses few attractions for the eye, but it is extremely favourable to sound—and that is the main requisite. The audience mustered some hundreds strong, and the train of carriages at the entrance made as goodly a shew as is presented on similar occasions in Hanover Square or the Haymarket. The selection included much variety, and was well calculated to please a mixed audience. The principal novelties of the evening were two overtures, one by Lanza, the other by Latour, and a *Kyrie eleison* by the former, consisting of quartett and chorus, all of which possessed considerable merit. Madame Feron, Miss Bruce, and Signor Zuchelli, were among the vocalists, besides Miss Lanza (a daughter, we presume, of the conductor), who looked very young, but did well the little she had to do, and is likely, under her father's judicious training, to become eventually a very pleasing singer. The same remark applies to a Miss Redford, whom we imagine to

be also a pupil of Signor Lanza. The other singers were Miss Land, Miss F. Healy, Mr. H. Gear, and Mr. G. Le Jeune. The last is a young vocalist of more than ordinary promise; his voice is a barytone of a sweet and even quality, and he articulates remarkably well. Four instrumental solos were played in the course of the evening, the most attractive of which, both in matter and manner, were those by Mr. Kialmark on the piano, and by Miss Kearsley on the harp, which last, by the way, was most unceremoniously interrupted by the refractory behaviour of a rebellious string, that chose to snap asunder in the midst of a critical passage, evidently very much to the annoyance of the fair *harpiste*. Mr. Ribas threw away much skill on a *fantasia* belonging to the modern school of flute music, than which nothing can possibly be more barbarous. An assemblage of mere mechanical difficulties, divested of air or sentiment, may excite the wonder and applause of both the ignorant and instructed vulgar, but never can raise the admiration of any one possessed of true musical feeling. It is but fair to mention that the terms of subscription to these concerts are extremely moderate; and that a probability is intimated in the bills of one or two more being added to the stipulated number. Q.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

ON Saturday Rubini made his bow in the *Barber of Seville*; and, with Tamburini as the *Barber*, and Caradori as *Rosina*, the opera was effectively executed. His charming organ was heard with delight, and he was skilfully and sweetly supported by his associates. In *Sire Huon*, Duvernay succeeded Taglioni, and succeeded as entirely as the difference between the most perfect finish and great grace and talent rendered possible. Perrot left nothing to be wished in his style, for the admirers of male dancing. The Opera force is at length developing, and we look to a brilliant sequel to the season. On Tuesday, this hope was realised by the *début* of Giuletta Grisi, one of the most successful we have witnessed for many a day. This lady possesses a rare combination of the qualities which are so essential to popularity on the stage. A charming person, a beautiful countenance, fascinating manners, a delightful voice, and mind and talent equal to the just conception and fine delineation of character. So accomplished, the fair aspirant in the *Gazza Ladra* stole at once into the highest favour with the public, and established herself in a foremost rank among our operatic favourites. Such a prima donna, together with the blaze of male talent now upon these boards, afford ample gratification to the admirers of a finished school of exquisite art. To-night, Ivanhoff appears; and we propose entering more fully into criticism when his trial has been added to the list.

The amusing Humbug! — Play-bills.

THE infinite drollery of these compositions, since the announcements of "*Shakespeare's tragedy of Jane Shore*," and the Moorish-Grenadian view into the "*Court of Lyons*," has often attracted our notice; and last week especially, but for another quality, viz. undaunted impudence, in a disgraceful piece of charlatanism. We are therefore inclined to note a few of their gull-fights for the entertainment of the public, as in truth they are far more entertaining than the performances to which they refer.

"The Challenge!" having been pronounced by a full and

fashionable audience one of the most perfect musical performances ever produced on the boards of the national theatres."

How one of the full and fashionable audiences pronounced this verdict, is a puzzler; nobody but persons behind the scenes could have ascertained the fact, or taken down the words, which are simply a repetition of what the preceding bills had stated on their own authority. Instead of "pronounced," therefore, it would have been more correct to have said — "having agreed with the manager that," &c.

The same bill (Saturday, April 5) assures us that the *Revolt of the Harem* is henceforth to be done as an afterpiece, in consequence of the French dancers having obtained another month's leave to expose their black and white forms, for the edification of the judges in European and negro-slave limbs —

"And with the view of affording as much attraction as possible, without any regard to expense."

Another puzzler! as how the attraction can be greater at ten than at eight o'clock, or how it proves the utter disregard to expense, are facts above the comprehension of the uninitiated. But, same date, at Drury Lane, the

"*Minister and the Mercer!*" continuing to attract the most crowded audiences of the whole season, and to be received with increased favour every evening, will be repeated, &c.—No money returned."

As very little is taken when this play is performed, we consider it judicious to keep what is got. We are only astonished that while these most crowded audiences (how many mosts can there be?) continue, the bill-writers should have dropped the announcements so perpetual during the *Gustavus* ball and the *Ducrow* Horse run, that "no orders could by possibility be admitted," and that extra doors were opened to admit the paying public!! The number of visitors having so largely increased, we should have supposed it almost necessary to take down one side of the house for their easy ingress. A plan by Beazeley, something like the hustings at a Covent Garden election, would furnish this sort of accommodation.

On Wednesday, *Sardanapalus*, with Myrrha Mardyn, was announced to "be positively (i. e. not negatively) produced;" but, alas! for the public gratification, it came out on Thursday with only Miss Ellen Tree, who good-naturedly pocketed the affront she had received, and gave her talents to sustain the play. The fun of this business, we are told, is, that the grand hoaxers have been completely hoaxed, by a pretended correspondence from Paris in the name of poor Mrs. Mardyn, who was entirely ignorant of her Myrrhic celebrity, and innocent of the offence. Some wag, of their own breed, wrote a letter as from Mrs. M., describing a flaming dress which she possessed for the part of *Myrrha*; and on the strength of this marvellous qualification and fitness, terms were instantly forwarded, accepted, &c., and the absurd and indecent announcements in the bills and newspapers immediately and widely circulated. By the by, we do believe that the Guiccioli sat for the original of the Ionian devotee; but that is of no consequence, except as a hint to the managers, if they could, to engage her, replete with all the noble author's lessons and instructions, which they erroneously ascribed to Mrs. Mardyn.

Apropos of *Gustavus*; it is advertised that there is a "necessity for renovating the scenery, dresses, and decorations, for the second time in the course of this season, in order that the numerous families now coming to town may have an opportunity of seeing it in its original splendour." How renovation can create ori-

ginality, is another of the mares' nests discovered by these conjurers.

DRURY LANE.

ON Thursday, Byron's *Sardanapalus* was produced here—we beg pardon both of the peer and the play-bill, we should say "*Sardanapalus*! a tragedy, by the late Right Hon. Lord Byron." There are some periods which are so peculiarly the domain of the imagination, that more than usual difficulties attend the attempt to transfer them to the scroll, the canvass, or the stage. The name of *Sardanapalus* conjures up with it a world of by-gone magnificence, palaces whose measureless columns only the eye of fancy can reach, and towers and temples "all but in the skies." The poet and the painter have both been successful. Byron's half-oriental, half-classical romance—for such it is, rather than a drama—belongs to the most inspired hour of his genius; while Martin's stupendous and gorgeous conceptions do more than realise our Eastern dreams of the young world's splendour—they at once satisfy and excite the imagination. The theatrical void has yet to be filled—for assuredly Thursday's representation was most inadequate of the glories of the "mighty Nineveh." If we except the last scene, which, putting aside its perilous association with the pope, the fifth of November, and a bonfire, told very well, the scenery was poor, tinselly, and the grand hall old. So much for its merits as a spectacle, on which it must mainly depend—for *Sardanapalus* can never be a good acting play. Its peculiar merit is in thought, not action. We pause over beautiful passages—we meditate on the sad truths which they contain. The royal voluptuary is a character for reflection; we may feel particular parts, as they may come home to our own experience or our own observation, but we are carried away by no strong interest. The soliloquies, full of poetry, mournful sadness, and passion, are of necessity omitted; an outline is all that can be given on the boards; hence all, or almost all, that constitutes Byron's individual and chief merit is lost. The day of those mighty despots who "held a heaven-descended power" is too far removed from our own—we care not for the "unbroken line of kings." The sole feeling excited was a cold, and calm, and calculating one,—that if the monarch could not keep his crown, he deserved to lose it. Only those passages which appealed to universal sympathy were felt. The parting with the neglected and still affectionate wife was the most effective of the whole. Macready was the support of the play, and nothing could be finer than his conception of the character, unless it was his execution of that conception. The reckless gaiety, the touches of a higher and better nature, and flashes of heroic resolution, were nobly given. His gradual awakening, and the narration of his dream, were a vivid and fearful picture of the fantastic and horrible; the dim and spectral forms arose at his words. We must note, too, one rare merit—the natural, subdued, and exquisite manner in which his devotion to the "fair Ionian" was expressed. It was spoken music, and in fine contrast to his sarcastic carelessness or his newly-roused energies. Miss E. Tree acted *Myrrha* with great sweetness. Nothing could be more touching than where, in answer to *Sardanapalus*, "Then fly from it," she says,

" 'T will not recall the past—
'T will not restore my honour, nor my heart.
No—here I stand or fall!"

Mr. Cooper threw great spirit into the part of

Salemenes; as did Miss Phillips much grace into that of *Zarina*. We will say as little as possible of the rest—i. e. nothing. But Macready is the attraction; we have not space to note them individually, but there are more than a dozen effects which he produces, and each one by itself a triumph.

At the close, a band of resurrection-men insisted on the reappearance of the dead; and *Sardanapalus*, *Myrrha*, and *Salemenes*, were hauled from the tomb to bow and curtsy to these sensible dramatic body-snatchers. Of a piece, in taste, was a drop-scene of Newstead Abbey; with a picture of Lord Byron sailing about in a cock-boat.

MATHEWS—ADELPHI.

THIS inexhaustible treat, ever new and ever wonderful, is again before the public. Mr. Mathews recommenced being at Home on Tuesday, and had the pleasure to entertain as numerous a party as he could accommodate. Performers endure crushes better than any other living creatures: they have no idea of *peine dure et forte*. Nobody ever deserved such punishment more than Mathews, whose *Youthful Days* defy the progress of years; and whose *Polly Pocket* sails as merrily as ever with her unique Poly-Matheusian freight.

VICTORIA.

In the *Beggar of Bethnal Green*, Mrs. Fisher, from Canterbury, &c., has supplied the place of Miss Jarman, absent for a while, and Mr. Elton that of Mr. Knowles. The lady reads the part very correctly and feelingly: Mr. Elton gave excellent effect to Lord Wilford, and contributed much to the popularity with which the play went off.

We observe, and we consider it very judicious, that the managers have reduced the prices to their pit and gallery; still maintaining the spirit with which they have laboured to support the real interests of the Drama.

SIGHTS OF LONDON.

THE DUC DE BERRI'S PICTURES.

ONE of the most attractive sights of London during the last week has been the exhibition and sale by private contract, at Messrs. Christie and Co.'s, of the noble collection of a hundred and eighteen Dutch and Flemish pictures, belonging to the late Duke de Berri, which forms the celebrated cabinet of l'Elysée Bourbon. Although of some of the greatest masters of the Dutch and Flemish schools there are not any specimens in this collection, the examples which it contains of Teniers, Wouvermans, Adrian and Isaac Ostade, Gerard Dow, Metz, Terberg, Cuyp, Ruysdael, Berghem, Vanderheyden, Netscher, Wynants, Paul Potter, Vanhuysen, Both, Vandevelde, &c., are, generally speaking, of the highest character. In the productions of Teniers and Wouvermans, especially, the collection is exceedingly rich. The *Fair of Ghent*, by the former, and the *Great Horse Fair*, by the latter, are marvellously fine works; and, besides the inimitable qualities of their execution, are so full of incident and interest, that hours may be delightfully passed in their contemplation. *An Interior, with a Lady writing*, by Terburg; *A Girl with a Pink*, by Gerard Dow; *A Sea-port*, by Berghem; *An Interior*, by Metz; *A Calm*, by Vandevelde; *A Landscape*, by Ruysdael; *The Interior of a Cabaret*, by Adrian Ostade; and *A View at Cologne*, by Vanderheyden, are also among the most valuable gems in the gallery. The lovers of Dutch and Flemish art have never been furnished with a more exquisite treat.

PAINTINGS ON GLASS.

A VERY pleasing collection of enamel pictures on glass, painted by Messrs. George Hoadley and Anthony Oldfield, has lately been opened for public exhibition in St. James's Place, Hampstead Road. The principal subjects are Rubens' "Descent from the Cross;" Reynolds's "Charity;" Harlow's "Trial of Queen Katherine;" Martin's "Joshua commanding the Sun to stand still;" "Belshazzar's Feast;" and "Love among the Roses;" Danby's "Opening of the Sixth Seal," &c. They are executed with great fidelity, spirit, and beauty. Nothing can exceed the splendour of the tints, to which the introduction into some of the pieces of a newly discovered and very brilliant ruby colour materially contributes.

ANCIENT CARVINGS.

WHOEVER is not aware of the extraordinary degree of excellence to which carving in wood was carried in former times, ought to visit an extensive and valuable collection of ancient carvings which is now on view at Mr. Rogers's, Church Street, Soho; consisting of several hundred figures, in box-wood and oak, by the most celebrated sculptors of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; a set of splendid panels; coffers and stands belonging to the Cenci, of the time of M. Angelo; garde-robres, cabinets, and tripods; several beautiful specimens of the times of Elizabeth and James I.; and a superb assemblage of the most elaborate carvings by Grenlin Gibbons, of birds, fruit, flowers, and dead game. It is astonishing with what mingled boldness and delicacy most of these works are executed. Great powers of expression are displayed in the panels; and the carvings of Grenlin Gibbons are distinguished by the rich massiness, and at the same time by the tasteful flexibility, of their various and highly characteristic forms.

Love's Ignes Fatui.—Among the sights and entertainments of London, we have been much amused by an evening exhibition under this title at the London Tavern, in which some very clever and extraordinary performances, including ventriloquism, afford nightly pleasure to full and respectable audiences. After allowing the good folks of the city their share, we should think that the west end of the town would encourage the *Ignes Fatui* to a very successful career among its eccentric orbits. It is really an agreeable variety among the spectacles of the time.

IMPROVEMENTS OF LONDON.

Goldsmiths' Hall.—This fine erection, situated close to the New Post-Office, in the midst, we regret to say, of too crowded streets and alleys, is just completed; and deserves a few remarks, as one of the chief architectural embellishments of the metropolis. It is of the Corinthian order; but, owing to the limited space on which it stands, the architect has not been allowed an opportunity of distinguishing it by any very striking general feature. But Mr. Hardwick has nobly compensated for this by great boldness in the details, such as is seldom seen in the structures of the present day. As a whole, therefore, Goldsmiths' Hall is decidedly one of the most magnificent buildings in London. We are not sure that we like the variation of the pediments, alternately pointed and circular, over the windows, imitating the Italian style of the middle ages; nor can we approve of the taste or application of the sculptured emblems (military, naval, and musical trophies, &c.) between the engaged

columns in the centre of the principal front. The bold projecting balconies, however, have a very imposing effect; and we repeat our congratulations to the rich company which has raised it, the city it adorns, and the artist who has designed and executed it, on the completion of so truly splendid and admirable a work.

New Cattle-Market.—A very splendid market has been built on the Lower Road, Islington, covering an area of twenty-one acres. When completed, it will be the largest in England, and must go far to supersede that great metropolitan nuisance, Smithfield, which is only four acres in extent. There is a spacious market-house, with an extensive range of covered sheds, with large open lairs in front, surrounding an area of fifteen acres, affording accommodation for upwards of 10,000 beasts, either tied up or loose in distinct sheds or lairs; commodious ranges of sheep-pens for 40,000 sheep; distinct markets for pigs and hay and straw. In the centre of the market there are eight banking-houses and money-offices, with an exchange for the graziers, salesmen, and others. The ready access which the situation affords for cattle coming from the northern and western parts of England, without passing through our crowded streets, is of itself sufficient to recommend the market to the legislature; and when its establishment can obviate the profanation of the Sabbath, the support of the right-minded portion of the public must be secured. The abominable nuisance of a live cattle-market in the centre of the metropolis has been permitted too long; and although the bill which is requisite to establish this new undertaking does not contain any coercive clause, either to prevent cattle going to Smithfield, or to compel butchers to slaughter at the Abattoirs, which we forgot to enumerate amongst its advantages, yet public opinion will put it down. The fatal exhibitions detailed in the daily journals, the brutal exhibitions of cruelty, will be in a great measure heard of no more; whilst we shall not be poisoned by eating meat that has been goaded into a state of fever, and then killed for the use of the king's lieges. We understand that the City of London intend to oppose it in committee (the bill has been read twice) as strenuously as a corporation purse and corporation influence will enable them. It is to be hoped that parliament will not allow their interest to outweigh the safety of those whose lives are daily and hourly endangered by the continuance of the present market.

Knightsbridge.—A very commodious market is also projected at Knightsbridge, which will remove all those small houses opposite the barracks, and between the back of Trevor Square and Knightsbridge Green. This will also be a great improvement.

POLITICS.

SEVERE and disgraceful riots have shaken the tranquillity of Brussels, where the mob have risen and sacked the residences of nobles and others accused of attachment to the Orange interests. Spain seems to be rousing to more energetic measures; and the expedition into Portugal to be absolutely in progress. The civil war in the northern provinces rages with dreadful violence.

VARIETIES.

Crocodile and Bird.—Our readers will probably recognise in the subjoined translation of a passage of Herodotus, to which our attention has been drawn by a correspondent, the same

tradition concerning the bird called sucksack, which we quoted in the *Lit. Gaz.* of the 8th February from *Madox's Excursions*. "Now as the crocodile lives much in the water, he has his mouth within quite covered with leeches. All other birds and beasts shun the crocodile; but there is peace between him and the trochilus, inasmuch as he is benefited by that bird; for when the crocodile goes out from the water upon the land and opens his jaws, which he is wont to do, in order to receive the cool breeze, the trochilus then entering his mouth, devours the leeches; and he, delighted at the advantage he thus receives, never injures the trochilus." Our young friends who are students may henceforth, on the strength of Mr. Madox's anecdote, translate *Trochilus sucksack*, or *sugsaque*, instead of *wren*, as heretofore. We leave to the lexicographers to explain how the *wren* could eat leeches.

Leigh Hunt's London Journal.—No. I. of this new cheap periodical has just appeared, and is written in an amiable spirit, consistently with its proposed object, viz. to disseminate a taste for the pleasures of elegant literature, "to accompany the march of intellect with the music of sweet thoughts." Among the articles are an interesting letter upon nightingales and flowers, from Charles Fox to Lord Grey; and a strange story, as good as new, of a Mr. Bernard and the Duke of Marlborough, in 1756. In conclusion, Mr. Hunt gives his readers "CLEONE. The new novel. An entire abstract:" which is one of those things, in our opinion, that no periodical, either cheap or dear, has a right to do. Who will buy *Cleone*, in two volumes, for twenty-one shillings, when they can have its marrow for three halfpence; and what can any publisher afford to give an original author for works that may immediately be plundered in this way? This is striking at the root of all literary production, and carrying the system of penny and twopenny pillage to its utmost limit.

R. Burns.—Previous to burying Mrs. Burns, some of the *dilettanti* about Dumfries took an opportunity of exhuming the scull of the immortal Scottish bard, brushing this sad emblem of mortality, and submitting it to the silly process of having a cast taken for phrenological follies. As the phrenologists had already got an imaginary cast, and proved from it that poor Burns was a profound politician, it is a pity that his remains should have been disturbed for so silly a purpose. Such desecration of the tomb hurts the finest feelings of humanity.

New Fact in Mineralogy.—Galena has been discovered from two different places containing platina. This is an important fact, because it is a valuable metal, and may, if sought for, be thus more abundant than has been hitherto supposed. It is only in late years that iodine, having been found in one or two springs, has since been met with in most mineral waters. The Americans describe a new mineral under the name of *Ledererite*, from basaltic rocks in Nova Scotia. It appears to be a prismatic variety of zoelite, probably resembling thornsonite.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Mr. Beckford, whose elegant literature and powers of composition are so highly appreciated, is about to submit some of his original papers to the press. We shall look with impatience for any thing from the pen which wrote the "Caliph Vathek."

In the Press.

Remains of the late Alexander Knox, Esq. of Dublin. Prodromus Floræ Peninsulae Indis Orientalibus; containing Characters of the Plants found in the Peninsula of

India, arranged according to the Natural System, by Dr. Robert Wight, F.L.S., and G. A. Walker Arnott, A.M., F.L.S.

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LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We cannot make any thing of M. de Chabane's "conjurator."

G. H. thanked, but not accepted. L. L. P. the same. Onor not thanked. There are some clever people in the world who fancy they understand other people's business better than they do themselves.

The remarks of W. F. G. Waldron, on the Polarization of Light, appear to be so condensed, as to convey rather an obscure idea of the views entertained by the writer.

G. D. will, on a moment's reflection, perceive that, under any circumstances, we should not be justified in publishing the statement contained in his letter (a statement which might expose us to an action for damages), without at least having the means afforded us, by the communication of a London address, to assure ourselves of the authenticity of that statement; and also without making known the name of our correspondent. But, really, we do not feel that we are called upon to interfere in the matter. We never quoted the Chevalier as an authority for the originality of the picture in question; and, although (well knowing how easily much better judges than we pretend to be may be betrayed into error on such a subject) its originality is not a point on which we have any desire to insist, we are still of opinion that, let it be painted by whom it may, it is a very beautiful and valuable work of art.

ERRATA.—In our last No., review of Capt. Glascock's *Navy Sketch-Book*, second series, p. 245, col. 1, "Jack the Giant" should be "Jack the Giant" and the last line but three, the "Navy Sketch-Book" should be named instead of "Tales of a Tar." The curious and clever review of Don Juan was in the *United Service Journal* some years ago, and not in the *New Monthly Magazine*; it is a remarkable exposition of Lord Byron's talent in paraphrasing, almost literally, the narrative of the wreck of the *Centaure* and several other vessels.—In the memoir of Mr. Hakewill, his birth should have been "May," not "April 11th."

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